£74 EACH WINNER.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

Through the 'phone a clerk shouted, "I say,
How would you like to marry me, May?"
But his face blanched with fear,
When an answer came clear

See first page inside.

No. 919.] Postage, One Penny. Registered for transmission to Canada. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 27, 1908. Entered at Stationers Hall. [Price One Penny.

What people say about

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

"Will make what's homely savoury."

Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of Pearson's Weekly, 27/2/1908. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

Regd.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in six different patterns of fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we do supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS for 10s. 6d.—"Sir Berkeley Square. The Countess of Selkirk would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Quilts, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Curtains, &c., Post Free

If when writing, you mention "Pearson's Weekly," 27/2/08. Address—

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THE VALUE OF JAVOL

THE ÉLITE OF HAIR TONICS

Rests on the simple fact that IT IS better than any other hair tonic, and considerably better too—no one seriously challenges that point. You may waste money buying second or third-rate tonics, but if you want the BEST—JAVOL stands alone.

In flasks 5s. 6d., 3s. and 1s. (with coupon).
Javol Shampoo, 3d. & 1s. (box of five).
Crème Javol, 2s. For the Complexion.

Entitles bearer to a 2/- flask of JAVOL for trial at 1/- on presentation to any Chemist—failing him, send P.O. 1/- direct. 81

Of all up-to-date Chemists.

LAMONT, CORLISS & Co., 11 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

The Housewife's Friend.

"VASELINE"

The Everyday Need.

SIX USEFUL TRIAL SAMPLES, POST FREE, 6d.

"VASELINE" is the base of so many preparations for which there is an everyday use. The Trial Sample Set of Six Preparations is intended to introduce you to the many merits of "VASELINE." The "VASELINE" Preparations are sold by all Chemists.

For giving beautiful complexions—for renewing the hair and preventing it falling—for healing all skin troubles—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a Vaseline preparation for all these and much more—for details see booklet.

SAMPLE BOXES CONTAIN SIX ARTICLES:—1 Tube White "Vaseline." 1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline." 1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline." 1 Tin Pure "Vaseline." 1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream. 1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

Send 6d. in Stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to the—

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors of "Vaseline."
42 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
And one will be forwarded post free.

JU-VIS

You simply drop a 1d. tablet of Ju-Vis into a breakfast cup of boiling water to make a most wholesome, delicious

BEEF TEA

improved by valuable vegetable additions. Tablets sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10½d. sizes.

Fluid Ju-Vis is preferred by many for its delicate flavour. It is far cheaper than the usual Fluid Extracts.

2-oz. bottle, 6½d.; 4-oz. 11½d.; 8-oz. 1/9.

To Smokers

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIR: IT IS TWICE AS GOOD

AG Cigarette Paper

BEST & PUREST.

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

LADIES

Should write to-day enclosing 1d. stamp for valuable Booklet and FREE SAMPLE of BLANCHARD'S PILLS. They Supersede Pennyroyal, Pil Cochia, Bitter Apple, &c. LESLIE MARTYN Ltd., Chemists, 34 DALSTON LANE, LONDON.

"HAPPY HOME SEEDS" CONTEST.

GENUINE & PERFECTLY SIMPLE.

Who are the Three Most Popular and Prominent Men in the United Kingdom?

£1,200 CASH.

NO ENTRANCE FEE!!!

Everyone Stands an Equal Chance.

£10,000 FREE GIFTS

SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.

...such as Ladies' ... Watches, ... Cricket Bats, ... to do is to send us ... 36 Packets of ... William, White Sweet Pea, &c. ... Runner Beans, Vegetable Marrow, ... required.

WITH THE SEEDS YOU WILL RECEIVE FULL PARTICULARS OF OUR POPULAR AND PROMINENT MEN CONTEST.

... & CO. LTD. (Dept. P.W.), 23-27 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 6d. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years.).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilcochia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc.; and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

CONJURING SECRETS.—List 1d.—... House, North Finchley, London.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable ... marriage, and business ... stamped envelope ... land. Your future given ...

SAN ... ... more ... other ... Herbert ... Hollow ...

PA ... ... a pou ... P.O.— ... Long Lane, Presto...

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP.—White or Carbolic bars, no outlay. 28 lbs. cost 10d. Full instructions, 1/1.—Duncan, 162 Pentreguinea Road, Swansea.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

HAND DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—A delicate and artistic reproduction 15in. by 11in., all hand work guaranteed. In Crayon, 10/6; in Sepia, 15/6; in Pastel, 21/-. Send photo and postal order, according to style chosen, to Edwin Masters, 26 Downshire Hill, Hampstead, N.W. Full particulars of paintings in oils (from £2 2s.) on application.

LADIES, the Sylvestyre Compressed Tablets, the best remedy discovered. They never fail to give relief. Specially prepared to suit the female constitution. They do not contain pennyroyal, bitter apple, or similar useless preparations. SUFFER NO LONGER. Sent in plain wrapper, post free, 1/3, extra strong 4/6.—Sylvestyre Co. (Dept. 6), Exchange Parade, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

SMALL GARDENS.—Gardening is a fascinating hobby, and many useful hints will be found in "Small Gardens and How to Make the Most of Them," by V. P. Biddle. It may be had for 1/2, post free, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Genuine Vitality, and Overcome Nerve Weakness." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 2d.—Stevenson & Co., 45 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

MAKE MONEY ... Songs, Poems, etc. ... for guide free ... Bridge ...

... Wells & Co. ...

... Street, London ...

STAFFORDSHIRE CROCKERY ... every kind of cheap pottery.— ... Hanley, Staffs.

CHINA, CHINA, CHINA.—Direct from our kilns to your kitchen. Understand, you buy from the manufacturer, therefore other advertisers (calling themselves Pottery Co.'s), who simply declare the goods ... at our prices. ... we keep our ... we are ... Testimonials and repeats every day. Artistic decorations and useful shapes in Toilet, Dinner, Tea, and Breakfast Sets, from 8/- and 4/-. Special line the four sets, best finish, 18/6; with ... kitchen articles extra, 21/-, in all 110 pieces. ... years' experience and great variety of productions make our parcels and bazaar packages so successful. Badged ware for hotels and churches at low rates. Catalogue free. Write now. —Royal Crown Pottery (Dept. 6), Tunstall, Staffs.

£5 PER WEEK earned by advertisement writers. Many excellent positions. Prospectus post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. X), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

EVENING EMPLOYMENT. Respectable men in regular employment, desirous of increasing their income, should apply for particulars of a first-class spare-time agency, by which they can supply Clothing, Boots, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Household Requisites, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, &c., for Cash or Credit. FAVOURABLE TERMS TO AGENT & CUSTOMER.—John Myers & Co. Ltd., Box 12, 151 Westminster Bridge Road, London. Established 60 years.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE.—Two Octagonal Thessaly free to collectors sending 1d. postage. Mention gift 387.—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample and valuable Booklet explaining all about BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES, the most effective remedy ever compounded.—Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

LADIES.—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS never fail. The numerous testimonials received testify to their ... 1/1½ and 2/9; extra strong 4/6. ... & Co., Chemists, ... London. Ladies' guide ...

MACGREGOR'S REAL SCOTCH WINCEY, the original and best. From 1/- per yard. White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free.—Sole Agents, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE ... COMPOUND ...

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND ... Sloan-Duployan ... Ramsgate.

ASTROLOGY.—Life Horoscope of Character, Marriage and Business, Changes, etc., accurately foretold. Send birth date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—Mdme. Vernon, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—... P. Powell ... Replingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.—Clearing ... famous penny Picture Postcards. ... Charming British Views (8d. worth), post free 1d. ... Dept. 1102, ... House, ...

CHOICE CHINA DIRECT.—We have for years satisfactorily supplied readers of Pearson's Weekly at Wholesale Prices. Better value cannot be obtained. Famous Century Guinea Package, four decorated services, Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, Toilet, packed complete, 21/-. Single Services, from 4/-. Householder's Catalogue free, showing everything in China and Crockery. Compare our Catalogue, Testimonials, etc., with others. Badged Teaware and Bazaar Packages for Churches.—Century Pottery Coy., Dept. R, Burslem, Staffs.

COLLECTION 400 Naval and Military Crests, all different, 7d.; free.—Fox, Pearl Buildings, ...

...—All ... the "Dictionary of ...," 2d.; free.—Fox, Pearl Buildings, ...

BICYCLES £3 5s. CASH, or ... with order and 10/- per month. High-grade, bossed, and splendidly finished (gold and green lined), two brakes (inverted or roller levers), ball free wheel, first grade tyres, plated rims. Complete with pump, spanners, oil-can, repair outfit, fine plated lamp and bell. Packed in crate (free), carriage paid. Ten days' approval. Four years' guarantee. Write for photo, full specifications, and 48-page book of testimonials to the actual manufacturer, George Beeston, "Lion" Works, 89 Moseley Street, Birmingham. No agents. Direct from factory only.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS — Children's, Ladies', Gents'. ... "The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS. Collars, Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz. ... Fronts, and Cuffs, ... 35/6 per ½ doz. ... "Surpassing quality, ... moderate in price."—Court Journal.

N.B.—All Letter Orders & inquiries for Samples should be sent to 38 Donegall Place, Belfast.

YOU MUST SEE PAGE 601.

BOON TO MEN.

Nervous and Physical Weaknesses—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Electricity. Sent sealed free.

JAS. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

EVERY MAN

SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements and Varicocele may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, post free.— E. R. NORTON, 59 and 60 Chancery Lane, London. Over 30 years' continuous success.

KEATING'S LOZENGES

TINS 1/1½.

CURE THE WORST COUGH

Thousands are coming to realise that there is a right and a wrong way of spending money and the demand for H. SAMUEL'S

MAGNIFICENT WATCH & JEWEL ALBUM

is in consequence increasing by leaps and bounds.

The Book is one that you too should find a use for, showing as it does the ... between buying "in the dark" and purchasing Jewellery, &c., from the ... house in the Kingdom at lowest

FACTORY PRICES

Send a post-card to-day and save half on your own buying!

SILVER WATCHES, 5/6; GOLD GEM RINGS, 5/6; CUTLERY CHAINS(?), 5/6, &c.

MONTH'S FREE TRIAL and a rich choice of FREE PRIZES for all buyers.

THE BOOK IS FREE, AND YOU SHOULD HAVE IT. WRITE TO-DAY.

H. SAMUEL, 87, Market St., MANCHESTER.

"No Better Food."

—*Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc.*

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

—*SIR CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,*

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

DAILY EXPRESS

The Most Reliable Morning Paper.

ONE HALFPENNY.

£74 12s. for each Winner.

Hello! Who answered the telephone? See new Limerick Contest.

THIS WEEK'S CONSOLATION GIFTS - £746.
GRAND TOTAL AWARDED - - £68,652.
GRAND TOTAL REWARDED - - - 20,480.

Are you there? Big Cash Prizes for Best Last Lines.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 37.

Our 37th Limerick Contest proved so popular that this week there is again a very large increase in the prize money awarded. The exact sum available for distribution is **£1,492.**

The senders of the ten lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor as the best and most original, divide **£746**, so that to each winning line **£74 12s.** is allocated. The remaining half of the amount available is distributed in consolation gifts amongst other competitors whose efforts show merit, but who have not succeeded in gaining one of the big prizes.

Since our popular Limerick Contests were inaugurated we have rewarded no fewer than **20,480** successful competitors, amongst whom a grand total of **£68,652** has been distributed. These figures are the record for Limerick Contests.

Competitors are reminded of the arrangement by which The Big Budget also publishes details of our competitions. Those who are unable to obtain another copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, may secure an entry form by purchasing the current number of The Big Budget.

The unfinished limerick was as follows:

Said a bachelor Scot in Barrhead,
"No more single I'll live, I shall wed."
He, to alter his state,
Advertised for a mate

The last lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are given below:

Oh! the things that he saw—and then said!

A. McAinsh, 7 Tankerville Road, Streatham.

Now his "yarns" are all "home-spun," 'tis said.

G. Jeffery, Old School House, Headcorn, Kent.

Then "Are all women single?" he said.

W. H. Bonnett, 49 Culverley Road, Catford.

In the "Shipping Gazette"—so 'tis said.

Mrs. W. Douglas, 16 Smith Street, Ayr, N.B.

—Stole a kiss—was transported, 'tis said.

H. E. Pennington, 259 High Town Road, Luton, Beds.

—Like his mind—she was "made up," they said.

Miss M. A. Wright, School House, Billingshurst, Sussex.

"We're on duty both bent," postman said.

A. Graham, 8 Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey.

Now the beggar is choosing, 'tis said.

E. W. Chant, Shrewton, Salisbury.

Now he's daily "declining," 'tis said.

Miss M. Hart, 10 Fairley Park Drive, Partick, Glasgow.

—"This is 'sorting,' not 'courting,'" he said.

E. Slack, 8 Waldeck Road, Carrington, Nottingham.

10 CONSOLATION GIFTS OF £10 EACH.

Andrews, H., "The Mount," Waterloo Hotel, York Rd., S.E.
Bartlett, H. W., 67 College Rd., Norwich.
Brooke-Jones, Mrs. M., Egerton House, Kelsall, Chester.
Cassells, Mrs. F., 40 Hamilton Tce., Hamilton, W., N.B.
Cavanagh, P. T., 29 Ferme Park Rd., Stroud Green, N.
Harrison, F., 65 Swadlincote Rd., Woodville, Burton.
Kibble, J., 69 Prince George Rd., Stoke Newington, N.
Marsh, M. P., Leaholm, 152 Friern Rd., Dulwich.
Ransom, Miss M., Stifford Schools, Grays, Essex.
Smith, E., 46 Gladstone Road, Watford.

His face blanched with fear.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a **postal order for sixpence**, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Telephone" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, February 27th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number should be written in the space provided below. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one-half will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize awarded to such a line will be divided equally amongst all competitors who send in that line.

Claims in respect of identical lines in Competition No. 40 must be made on or before Tuesday, March 17th.

The remaining one-half of the amount available for distribution will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM. LIMERICK No. 40.

Through the 'phone a clerk shouted, "I say,
How would you like to marry me, May?"
But his face blanched with fear,
When an answer came clear

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

LIST OF 646 RECIPIENTS OF £1 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

To publish the full name and address of each competitor would occupy too much space. We therefore print only the name and initials of each person, together with the name of the town. Should any reader wish to know the full address of any one recipient, it will be sent in receipt of a half penny stamp.

A

Addy, P., Walkley, Sheffield.
Ainsworth, Miss G., Hanley.
Aitken, W. B., St. Ninians, N.B.
Allison, H. W., Mossside, M'ter.
Allott, Mrs., City Rd., Shef.
Allen, F. G., Guildford, Surrey.
Allen, F. S., E. Finchley.
Amon, J., Rye, Sussex.
Anderson, Mrs., West Bromwich.
Anderson, G., Glasgow.
Anderson, L., Up. Holloway.
Anderton, T., Wadebridge.
Annand, R., Clonbuchat, N.B.
Annear, G., Camberwell.
Anstiss, J. E., Bedminster, Br'l.
Armour, R., Berwick-on-Tweed.
Arnott, O., Headingley, Leeds.
Arundel, J., Vigo St.
Ashby, A., St. Albans, Herts.
Askew, H., Cuckfield, Sussex.
Atkinson, E., Barnoldswick.
Atkinson, R., Newcastle.
Austen, F. W., Ashbourne.

B

Bailey, A. A. D., Walworth.
Baker, E. T., Balham.
Baker, W. H., Bristol.
Balkwill, A. F., Derby.
Ball, C., Merstham, Redhill.
Bawcomb, Mrs., Canterbury.
Banks, J., Preston, Lancs.
Barker, E., Todmorden.
Barker, E. A., Worcester.
Barlow, A., Elton, Bury.
Barnes, Mrs., Londonderry.
Barnes, W. H., Mayfair, W.
Barnett, J. H., Edinburgh.
Baron, J., Weybridge.
Barton, A., Stechford, B'ham.
Barton, W. M., East Dereham.
Batten, Miss, St. Leonards-on-S.
Bayley, W. J., Clapham Junc.
Bebbington, G. W., Chester.
Beck, Mrs., Muswell Hill, N.
Belcher, J. W., Barking.
Benning, Miss L., Sidcup.
Benson, C., Birmingham.
Bentley, E., Coventry.
Bertram, C., Darlington.
Beverley, Mis., Fulford, York.
Billingham, A., Southampton.
Billingham, J., Newport, Mon.
Birch, J., Birkenhead.
Birch, Miss J., E. Ham, Essex.
Bird, Miss A., Leith, N.B.
Birkett, F. W., Sunderland.
Birrell, D., Bouverie St., E.C.
Blair, W. C., Liverpool.
Blake, S., Percy Rd., Chester.
Blick, E., Dudbridge, Glos.
Blight, J., Exeter.
Boothman, J. A., Clitheroe.
Bourne, H. E., Croydon.
Bowen, W., Splott, Cardiff.
Bowkley, R. H., Eastbourne.
Boyle, W., Swansea.
Bradley, J., Bridgeton, Glasgow.
Braine, A., Bower Park, N.
Brandon, P. A., Fleet St., E.C.
Brayley, E. B. L., Bideford.
Breen, J., Trongate, Glasgow.
Brind, M. J., Vevey, Switz.
Bristow, Mr., Winchester.
Britter, A., Old Charlton.
Britton, W. A., Chiswick, W.
Brock, R., Lowestoft.
Brocks, A., Sunderland.
Brookbank, J. H., Harrogate.
Brough, H., Warrington.
Broughton, Miss D., Windsor.
Brown, Mis., Perth.
Browne, A. P., Oldham.
Brumby, Sgt.-Maj., Nasa.
Bubb, E. W., Putney, S.W.
Buckland, S. C., Hanover Sq., W.
Buckley, A. T., Luton, Beds.
Buckley, F., Halifax.
Bunting, Mrs., Wealdstone.
Bunting, W. G., Worthing, Sus.
Bull, A. A., Nuneaton.
Bullivant, F. E., Peterborough.
Burgan, F. W., Redcar, Yorks.
Burnett, G., Barnsley, York.
Bury, T. H., Congleton, Ches.
Byng, Capt., Salisbury.
Bywater, S., Stafford.

C

Cade, R. G., Nottingham.
Calligas, N., Riverside, Cardiff.
Cameron, D. H., Tollcross, Gl'w.
Campbell, Mrs. D., Glasgow.
Campbell, T., Rathmines, Dub.
Carroll, F., Smethwick, B'ham.
Carruthers, Col., Hastings.
Carruthers, Mrs. W., Edinburgh.
Chamen, R. T., Bath.
Charles, Mis., Bradford.
Charlton, F., Stratford, E.
Cheriton, W. W., Rugby.
Clark, C., Dundee.
Clark, O., Seaton, Cumb.
Clark, W. S., Shawlands, Gl'w.
Clarke, J., Aberdeen, N.B.
Clarkson, Miss, Southend-on-Sea.
Clevely, Mis., Bristol.
Cinch, J. E., Liverpool, E.
Clough, Miss M., W. Norwood.
Cochrane, J. R., Plumstead.
Cockram, C., Barnstaple.
Cole, H., Gloucester.
Coleman, D., Cardiff.
Collier, J. W., Bingley, Yks.
Colling, Mrs. J., Edinburgh.
Collingwood, A., H. M. S. "Leviathan."
Colliver, F., Bushey.
Collyer, W., Faling.
Cook, J., Stoke Newington.
Cooke, C. H., Whitechapel, L'd.
Cormack, Miss I., Tranent, N.B.
Cosetano, L., Stirling Lane.
Cotton, Miss K. G., Bath.
Cowie, A., Tollcross, Glasgow.
Cowis, A. W. S., Redland, Br'l.
Crick, Mrs. M., Tottenham.
Crookenden, B., St. Quintin's Pk.
Cugley, L. W., Torquay.
Cummings, A. H., Hove, Sussex.
Cundall, H. C., Shipley, Yorks.
Currey, S., Peckham.
Cuttell, F. W., W. Hampstead.
Cutting, T. G., Spennymoor.

D

Daines, H., Walthamstow.
Dalton, Sgt. A., Dublin.
Davidson, R., Arbroath.
Davies, Miss F., Bath.
Davies, T. R., Sparkhill, B'ham.
Davison, J. R., Newcastle-on-T.
Dawes, H. J., District P.O., N.W.
Dawson, E., Cheltenham.
Dean, A., G.P.O., Stockport.
Dayton, E. L., Twickenham.
Dognan, E., Sligo, Ireland.
Denning, W. H., Putney, S.W.
Dennis, L., Stoke-on-Trent.
Dewson, C., Dudley Port, Staffs.
Dicey, O., Walthamstow.
Dickman, F. V., Berkhamstead.
Dinham, H., Bedford.
Dodge, G. B., S. Kensington.
Doggart, J. N., Bakewell.
Dolbin, C., Small Hth., B'ham.
Donegan, H., Dublin.
Dormer, P. C., Dublin.
Douglas, Mrs. W., Glasgow.
Dove, Miss G., Sutton-in-Ashfield.
Drake, W. E., Torquay.
Driscoll, D., Newport, Mon.
Druitt, R., Baltic Ship Exch., E.C.
Duncan, A., Haverhill.
Duncan, G., Trin. Coll., Camb.
Duns, O., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Dwelly, Mrs. H. T., Bristol.

E

Eadswell, T., Coventry.
Eaton, Miss D., Llanfairfechan.
Edwards, G. H., Jun., Coventry.
Edwards, H. H., W. Norwood.
Edwards, Miss, Ripon.
Elmonds, C., Queen Victoria St.
Elgood, Miss F., St. George's Sq.
Elliston, F., Westcliff.
Ellery, H. W. O., High Barnet.
Elsley, M., Fitzroy Sq., W.
Endall, J. H., Small Hth., B'ham.
Egonnibre, A., Islington, N.
Evans, B., Leicester.
Evans, E. R., Stratford, E.

(Continued on page three of cover.)

When "Tommy" Comes Marching Home

By Captain H. F. WILKINSON

(Secretary of the National Association for Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers).

OUTSIDERS have no idea of the extraordinary variety of professions, trades, and general talent, which is dormant beneath the scarlet coat of the British soldier, until such time as he seeks his discharge and comes out to battle with the world again as a civilian.

When a young man leaves the service, if his character is "exemplary," "very good," or "good," he generally comes to me, or, rather, to my society, the National Association for Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers, and we try to find him a job. In our books we keep a record of all the qualifications of each man, even down to the games he plays and the number of children he has. We take the name of his regiment, and note his height.

There is a great demand for "giants," to act as door-keepers, and similar situations, so we keep a special register of very tall men. A firm recently asked us to send a man 6ft. 4in. in height. We sent five men for them to choose from, and they were all so smart they could not make up their minds which one to take.

Then we have a special list of "young men," because employers so often want someone who not only has an expert knowledge of a particular trade, but is young and smart as well.

ATKINS INSTEAD OF ANN.

Soldier servants, in these days of rebellious domestics, supply a long felt want. One lady, who is sick of for ever grappling with the servant problem, has now cleared out the whole lot of her women domestics, and has taken from us a soldier-cook, a soldier-housemaid, and a soldier-footman instead. She finds it much more satisfactory.

Sportsmen are in great demand, especially when they are also well acquainted with a useful trade. A great number of men get situations as groundsmen, instructors, and billiard-markers.

A balloonist is also anxious for civilian employment. Balloonists are becoming quite an ordinary feature in our books nowadays, and we generally have one or two of them on the register. Good draughtsmen, too, we frequently get from the Royal Engineers.

Another list gives the names of the men who are willing to "live in" if they get a situation, as some of the men prefer, if they can, to live away from their work. We also find out if they are married, and, if so, whether their wives are also available for any occupation, such as cooks, laundresses, or sick-nurses.

But there is really no limit to the qualifications which one ex-soldier or another possesses. We can supply anything from a paper-hanger to a potman. There are farriers, gardeners, hair-dressers, compositors, bakers, engine drivers, waiters, dispensers, nurses, schoolmasters, surveyors, photographers, and men of dozens of other useful trades and professions. We have about a hundred men a day calling upon us for work.

A great many men in the "Line" regiments have no trade at all, and these, although smart, used to obedience, and hard-working, are not so easily fitted with a billet. The majority of them eventually find employment as porters, warehousemen, and caretakers.

PREJUDICE AGAINST THE OLD SOLDIER.

The salaries of ex-soldiers vary, of course, very considerably. We have a large number of men earning £2 a week as chauffeurs; whilst others make from twenty-five to thirty shillings and their keep as groom-valets. Some have got as much as £10 a month as stewards.

The Post Office takes a very large number of old soldiers into its service, but the best friends of all to the discharged soldier are the railway companies. Hundreds of men find employment with one or other of the big lines, and at the present time nearly every man in the employ of the Central London Railway—familiarly known as the "Twopenny Tube"—is an old soldier.

Soldiers are still handicapped to a considerable extent in their search for work by the lingering prejudice against the "old soldier." Undoubtedly in the old days a class of man was enlisted who, although a splendid fighter, was not fitted for civilian life, but nowadays the discharged soldier is an extremely smart and well-educated man.

Employers who have tried soldiers, however, like them not only because they are smart, handy, and used to obedience, but because, if a man leaves the Army with an "exemplary" character or a "very good" character, he must be an exceptionally steady man.

H. F. Wilkinson

THE WORLD'S FIRST RADIUM ROBBERY.

IT was bound to come sooner or later. And, now behold, it *has* come.

For the first time in the world's history there has been chronicled the theft of a quantity of radium.

It was not a large quantity. Indeed, it could not very well be so, considering that the sum total of the radium stock of the whole of Europe is only about forty grains, or, say, one-twelfth of an ounce troy.

But as radium is worth just now, at current market rates, £96,000 an ounce, the individual, whoever he was, who walked off at Glasgow University the other day with Professor Soddy's one-fourth of a grain, has illicitly acquired possession of property worth £50.

The difficulty for him, however, will be to realise. He can hardly advertise it in the "For Sale" columns of a daily paper. He cannot raise money on it at a pawnshop, for not even the most enterprising and up-to-date of "uncles" would lend anything on a microscopic fragment of dusty dust that a pin's point would more than cover.

Neither can he keep it in his pocket—with safety to himself. For the tiny speck of seemingly harmless stuff would burn through clothing, and flesh, and muscle, and bone, more surely than vitriol, and would beside give rise to an ulcerous sore that would take years to heal, if ever it did.

Even for the thief to examine his stolen booty would mean blindness, unless he exercised extraordinary and elaborate precautions. For the radio-activity of the pure mineral is such that it destroys the optic nerve as surely as it eats up gold or carbonises a diamond, only more quickly.

So that, on the whole, it would seem that the wisest course for the man who stole that tube of radium would be to seek out Mr. Soddy and beg of him, on his knees, if need be, to retake possession of it.

"No," she said, "I cannot marry you. All our family are opposed to you."

"But, darling, if you are not——"

"I said all our family," she repeated, with an ice-cream gaze that froze him to the spot.

AUDIBLE CONSCIENCE

BONTER: "Excuse my yawning. I didn't get a wink of sleep last night."

Jupp: "Toothache?"

Bonter: "No. A woman asked me for some money yesterday, and I refused her. Well, the tones of her voice rang in my head all night. I couldn't close an eye."

Jupp: "Conscience-stricken, eh? Was it a deserving case, do you think?"

Bonter: "It was my wife."

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER: "Your parents left you something when they died, did they not?"

Boy: "Oh, yes, sir."

Employer: "And what did they leave you, my boy?"

Boy: "An orphan, sir."

SLICING UP MONSTER DIAMONDS.

IT is to be hoped that in the case of the great Cullinan diamond, now being cut for the King at Amsterdam, there may be no repetition of the blundering which has so seriously reduced the value of that other British Royal gem, the world-famous Koh-i-noor.

This latter, which was originally known as the Great Mogul, weighed in its rough state nearly 800 carats. When, however, it came into the possession of Shah Jehan, it was entrusted by that monarch to one Hortensio Borghese, a Venetian lapidary, to be cut.

So unskilfully was the operation performed that the huge diamond was reduced to a mere fragment, weighing only 186 carats. Jehan was so enraged that he not only refused to pay the lapidary, but he also fined him one thousand rupees.

The diamond was again cut, by order of Queen Victoria, in 1852, an operation which resulted in its weight being still further reduced, this time to 102¼ carats. In other words, nearly seven-eighths of the original stone has been ground and sliced away, in order to add to the symmetry and appearance of the remaining one-eighth.

Nor is the Koh-i-noor the only famous gem to have been thus mutilated. Indeed, there seems to be a peculiar fatality attaching to the cutting and polishing of big diamonds.

Thus, the magnificent Star of the South, a pure white Brazilian stone of the first water, discovered in 1855, weighed originally 255 carats, exactly half of which was lost through clumsy cutting. The beautiful Rajah of Mattan diamond was reduced from 787 carats to 367, the Pitt or Regent diamond from 410 to 136, and the Tavernier from 243 to 68.

Having regard to these figures, it would seem as if successive kings of Portugal have been well advised in refusing to have cut their huge Braganza diamond, which weighs 1,680 carats and has been valued at fifty-eight million pounds sterling.

What I Could Do With Motors

By S. F. EDGE

(The well-known motorist, who has broken nearly all the world's racing records, both on the road and track).

I SHOULD like to see special motor-roads out of London, and out of every big city in the Kingdom.

On these roads I would allow nothing but vehicles travelling by mechanical power, and I would have them divided up into two separate tracks in each direction. One would be for fast traffic, and the other for slow.

I would make the motor-car the nearest approach to the wishing-carpet that mortal man can achieve. I would bring the railway into every man's own back-yard.

Then the City man would live in the open country, and his clerks would live there as well. Instead of the suburbs making a ring round London in a ten-mile circle, they would extend to thirty and forty miles away.

The man who could afford it would live forty miles out of town, for, with special roads, that would be within an easy hour's run of his office.

The poorer man would live about twenty miles out, and would travel home every evening on his motor-bus, just as he does at present, but with the difference that, under the new conditions, those vehicles would travel at thirty miles an hour.

This is not the wild dream of a petrol maniac. I am certain that these roads will soon be an accomplished fact—they have become a necessity, not only on account of motorists, but because of the general increase in the number of people using the roads during the last few years.

WHY MOTORING IS COSTLY.

The germ of the idea can already be seen in the tracks for the electric trams, which have been built in and around the centre of all our big cities. These tracks, however, should never have been made upon the ordinary existing thoroughfares. They cause congestion of the traffic, and make some of the main arteries out of London almost impossible for other kinds of vehicles.

If they had been run on new roads, constructed through land at present undeveloped, they would have opened up new suburbs wherever they had gone, more than doubling the value of the surrounding neighbourhood at once.

So it will be with the new motor-roads as soon as they are constructed, whilst the cost of motoring will be reduced by half. The great expense of running a car at present is due to so constantly having to slow down and then start off again. It wears the tyres out, and uses the petrol up.

Even on ordinary roads many new regulations should be enforced. At present the pedestrian clamours for a right to the road, even when there is a footway. Under the conditions of modern traffic, he has no right to do so; and if he venturns off the path, it should be at his own risk and not at that of the swift-moving vehicle.

Then the law should declare that the blame for an accident should lie on the person coming from a side-road into a main line of traffic, who should be made to take all the precautions necessary to insure his own safety, and that of the swifter stream, which he wishes to cross. At the same time, all high hedges and other obstructions should be ruthlessly cut away so as to leave an uninterrupted view in both directions.

REAR LIGHTS FOR CYCLISTS.

At night every vehicle should be compelled to carry a proper light, both in front and behind, and this regulation should apply to cyclists, as much for the protection of themselves as for other users of the road, who have a right to be protected.

The onus should be on all users of the road to protect others from themselves, and themselves from others. Give us these conditions, and motoring would become cheaper by 50 per cent., and the roads would become safe for every kind of vehicle.

With the above improvements on ordinary existing roads, and with special motor-tracks as well leading from all our big cities, it will be possible to have motor-cars of a much lighter description, and with a smaller horse-power than those which most people now use.

They will be less costly to buy, and less costly to maintain, and more people will be able to afford them. The more people buy them, the cheaper it will be possible to turn them out.

Thus, will my original statement be fulfilled that before long every man will have at his own door the advantages of a railway train, and many others the railways cannot give.

S. F. Edge

How to consult Jean Worth, of Paris, for 4d.: Buy the March ROYAL MAGAZINE, now on sale everywhere and read "Some Advice for Beauty's Types" from his pen.

"BLURRED LIGHTS."—NO. XV. *Concluded.*

THE PHŒNIX PARK MURDERS

By Dick Donovan.

As two well-known public men, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Thomas N. Burke, were walking through Phœnix Park, Dublin, one evening in May, 1882, four Fenians descended from a jaunting car and brutally murdered them. The enormous sum of £20,000 was offered for information that would lead to the arrest of the murderers, but nobody claimed the reward. Eventually the police got on the trail, and arrested twenty Fenians. Then arose the question: Which of the gang were the four actual murderers? It was hoped that the reward would tempt one of the prisoners to betray his comrades.

A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.

THE traitor was soon to present himself. At the preliminary examination James Carey, the one-time town councillor, was conspicuous among the prisoners in the dock. He was a tall, well-built man, with an intelligent and by no means a bad-looking face. He had light-blue eyes that were overhung by shaggy eyebrows. He was about thirty-seven years of age, had been married eighteen years, and had seven children living, the eldest—a son—being about sixteen. Although of very humble origin, he unquestionably had ability of a kind, and during his councillorship he had given evidence of shrewdness and administrative capacity which might, had it been directed in the proper channel, have enabled him to have risen to some prominence. But his instincts were low, his tastes vile.

His brother Peter was a low-browed ruffian; without any of the intelligence possessed by James. By trade he was a foreman bricklayer. The charge against him was complicity in the assassination conspiracy.

Of course, the varying degrees of guilt of each prisoner had to be nicely defined, and the task that confronted the authorities was to prove who were the actual murderers and who were accessories. Up to that point it had been clearly established that five men were on the car at the scene of the tragedy; that four had taken part in the actual butchery. Those four were, therefore, guilty in the supreme degree.

The fifth man, that is, the driver, was an accessory to the fact, and the extent of his guilt was for the law to decide.

Now, the question was, who among the nineteen prisoners in the dock were the five arch criminals? That night, when the preliminary inquiry was over, the minds of those charged with the prosecution were relieved by the traitor coming forward. James Carey had offered himself as "Approver." After he had been conveyed back to gaol from the court, he made a request through a warder to see the governor, and on being taken into the presence of that official, he expressed his willingness to give evidence against his co-conspirators.

The Crown authorities were at once apprised, and during part of that night and the whole of the next day certain officials with two shorthand writers sat with the wretch, and took down from his own lips a narrative so thrilling, so sensational, so horrible, that it would be hard to beat.

On May 17th the examination was resumed. The court was crowded to suffocation, and hundreds of people stood in the streets and approaches to the Court House, but were kept at a respectable distance by soldiers and mounted police. The most extraordinary precautions had been taken by the Government, for rumours had freely circulated that desperadoes had threatened to blow up the court and the prison, and endeavour to rescue the prisoners. There is no doubt something of the kind was contemplated, but the ruffians were over-awed.

GUARDED WITH COLD STEEL.

Around the prison a cordon of soldiers with fixed bayonets was drawn. Both in and outside of the court there were more soldiers; while a perfect army of some of the best detectives in the world were scattered about the town, every man carrying in his pocket a loaded revolver, and his instructions were definite. While the law-abiding citizens knew that they had nothing to fear, the conspirators must have had some very uneasy moments.

The secret about Carey having turned approver had been well kept, and only those very much behind the scenes knew of it; but when the prisoners were marshalled in the dock on that second day, they were seized with concern when they noted the absence of James Carey. It was ominous, and they conversed in low tones among themselves. But the most dramatic moment was when, after some preliminary business, the usher of the court, in a loud, clear voice called: "James Carey."

Possibly in modern times such a scene has never been witnessed in a court of justice as that when the traitor, looking haggard and pale, made his way to the witness-table in obedience to the summons. From the dock there rose a yell of execration that neither judge nor warders could stop. The prisoners howled out maledictions, and Joseph Brady was particulary conspicuous in his rage. With a blood-curdling oath he made a desperate effort to leap over the dock-rail, but was dragged back and held in the grip of two powerful warders, his white face satanic in its expression of hate and rage.

The effect on the court was electrical, and for some minutes it seemed as if there would be a panic among the people who occupied the public part. Carey swayed and tottered on his feet as if about to fall, and he clutched the edge of the table to support himself.

Then an awful stillness followed; it was like the stillness of death. The prisoners themselves, after their outburst of rage, seemed to become paralysed with astonishment, if not with horror.

Carey himself was a double-dyed villain, and the prime mover in the murder plots. He was described, and justly so, as "a monster more hideous even than the cool and callous cut-throat Brady"; but the Government had learnt that his subtle brain held all the secrets of the "Invincible Brotherhood," and, while there was no proof that he had actually committed murder with his own hand, he had been an organiser, and had directed the movements of others. That he was morally responsible for a long string of outrages and "removals" of "obnoxious persons" and a prominent actor in the park tragedy was at this stage well known, but, corrupt and tainted as he was, it was recognised that his evidence would be invaluable, for it could be corroborated in the main.

MANY MYSTERIOUS MURDERS.

Subsequently his brother Peter also turned approver, and others came forward, including two women; but it is mainly with James Carey I propose to deal, for he stands out in this now historic trial as a truly remarkable figure, while the vengeance that pursued him across the world and struck him down in the very moment of fancied security is a sensational romance in itself, and will be related as a sequel.

The exigencies of space necessitate the summarising of Carey's evidence, for if given in detail it would make a huge volume of many hundred pages.

He joined the Fenian organisation in 1861, and up till the end of 1878 was a member of the "inner circle," or "directory." Between those two dates innumerable crimes were committed, all of which this arch-rebel helped to carry out. In February of 1878 it was resolved that a more active propaganda should be undertaken and the ramifications of the murder league be extended.

To this end a meeting was held at Carey's house in Camden Street, Dublin, and the "Irish Republican Brotherhood" was formed. A so-called "court" was instituted to try informers and other offenders against the league, and condemn them to death when the evidence warranted it. The outcome of this was a series of mysterious murders.

THE BINDING OATH.

For three years the infamous band of conspirators were particularly active. Then in November of 1881 M'Caffrey, who was a very energetic member, introduced a man named Walsh, who had been living somewhere in the North of England. This fellow informed Carey that he had come to Ireland to "establish a society that would make history," and that he represented a secret society having its headquarters in London. This society was known as "The Irish Invincibles," and subsequently Walsh swore Carey in as a member of that society by the following oath, the two men clasping hands and holding a knife between them:

"Of my own free will, and without any mental reservation whatever, I will obey all orders given me by the Irish Invincibles, and will not seek to ask more than is necessary to carry out such orders; and any violation of my trust will subject me to the penalty of death. So help me God."

The direct object of the Invincibles was to *remove* "all tyrants from the country," and among those who were already condemned to death and to be removed with all speed were Mr. Forster, then the Irish Secretary, and Earl Cowper, the Lord-Lieutenant. After Carey had been sworn in, Walsh gave him fifty sovereigns. A little later Mr. Burke's name was added to the list of tyrants. And now another conspirator appeared upon the scene in the person of P. J. Sheridan. This man masqueraded as a Catholic priest, calling himself "Father Murphy," and he went about the country spreading the murder doctrines of the Invincibles and keeping in close touch with Carey and his band of cut-throats.

In the early part of 1882 he went to London, and soon afterwards sent a woman to Ireland (the wife of one of the Invincibles), carrying with her a number of bowie knives and surgical knives. These were placed in possession of Carey, who was also kept well supplied with money. The woman, who was never identified, went back to London, and returned a few weeks later with another batch of knives and a Winchester rifle.

Communication was kept up between the conspirators in London and those in Dublin by means of telegrams couched in racing phraseology. And now plans were made for murdering Earl Cowper and Mr. Forster. In the case of the latter gentleman something like twenty different attempts were made to kill him, but each time he escaped by some circumstance that seemed little short of a miracle, until at last he resigned the Secretaryship and returned to London. Thus his life was saved. Earl Cowper also returned to England in April, 1882, and escaped assassination. His successor was Earl Spencer, who made his State entry in May.

LAST DETAILS SETTLED.

And now we get another actor on the scene who figures through many exciting episodes as "No. 1" (subsequently proved to be a swashbuckler, adventurer, named Patrick Tynan, but for a long time he remained a mystery). This fellow appeared to have unlimited funds at his disposal, and kept Carey and his associates well supplied. He also took a very active part in organising assassinations, and under the *régime* of the cold-blooded villain a number of murders were committed.

Most of the victims were inoffensive people who had managed to offend the Invincibles. Mr. Forster and Earl Cowper having slipped through the fingers of the assassins, attention was turned to Mr. Burke, and "No. 1" made all the plans for the crime. Lord Frederick Cavendish was not included at that time, and had he not been with Mr. Burke he would probably have escaped; but there is little doubt that the new Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, had come under the ban, and would have fallen had opportunity favoured the conspirators.

On May 6th, 1882, the assassins met at "Wren's Public-house," in Dublin, and the final details of the murder were settled, "No. 1" being present.

Brady, Caffrey, Tim Kelly, and Daniel Curley had been chosen for the crime, and Kavanagh to drive them to the scene of the assassination, while Carey, a man named Smith, and Fitzharris, "Skin the Goat," were to follow in another car and give the signal when the moment arrived. These fellows were armed with revolvers; the actual murderers had the formidable knives in their possession as well as revolvers, but the revolvers were only to be used in case of extreme emergency.

The plan having been arranged, Carey took all his children in a cab to witness the procession of the new Lord-Lieutenant, and when it had passed he sent them home, and in company with Smith (who was well acquainted with Burke, and was to point him out) and Fitzharris, who drove the car, proceeded to the park, and passed the time in witnessing a polo match.

HOWLED SAVAGELY AT CAREY.

After the crime had been committed Carey and some of the conspirators went to "Codey's Public-house," in Kilmainham, and there Curley gave the others details of the murder, and said that Brady had "done his duty splendidly," and after the work was over he coolly wiped his weapons on the grass. He was armed with two knives, and used them both. One was a long surgical knife, and, being a very muscular man, he had driven it completely through Mr. Burke's body, entering at the back, severing the heart, and the point coming out of the breast.

James Carey tells the full story of the outrage.

It is evidence of this scoundrel's ruthlessness and coolness that when he returned to Dublin that evening he wrote a brief description of the murder on cards, adding, "Executed by order of the Irish Invincibles," and these cards were dropped in the letter-boxes of the FREEMAN, the IRISH TIMES, and the EXPRESS.

The following night Curley, Brady, Carey, M'Caffrey, and "No. 1" met at Caffrey's house,

where further details of the murder were given, and much liquor was consumed. "No. 1" gave orders that the knives were to be destroyed, so the blades were broken to pieces and the handles burnt.

Such, in brief, was the story which James Carey unfolded chapter by chapter in that court of law.

Once in the course of his narrative he seemed to grow faint, and obtained permission to temporarily leave the court. In doing so he had to pass near the dock, when the prisoners, moved by one impulse, rose and howled savagely at him, and Brady, pushing himself in front, shook his fist and exclaimed: "You have done all you can, you perjured scoundrel! A curse on you!"

Carey paused at the door, and, turning round, he drew himself up and retorted:

"Aha! I've got the better of you. You were all trying to forestall me, but I got in first!"

No revelations in a court of justice have in our days so deeply moved public opinion nr have produced a more striking effect in the political world than this startling narrative of the informer. It brought to light the most atrocious of terrorist conspiracies.

COARSE JOKES IN THE DOCK.

On February 20th the prisoners were again placed in the dock to hear the depositions read over, during which they behaved with the most extraordinary levity, making coarse jokes and occasionally breaking into boisterous laughter. Brady was particularly conspicuous in all this. He was about twenty-five years of age, very powerfully built, between five and six feet in height, with massive shoulders and big hands. He had a shock head of hair, small whiskers, and moustache. His face was broad, with an expression of good humour in it, but the man's nature was pitiless and brutal.

On April 9th, 1883, the trial commenced at the Courthouse before Mr. Justice O'Brien, true bills having been returned by the grand jury. For the Crown there appeared the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. James Murphy, Q.C., and Mr. Peter O'Brien, Q.C. Six of the prisoners, including Brady, Timothy Kelly, Thomas Caffrey, Daniel Curley, and James Fitzharris were conveyed from the gaol to the court under a powerful escort, consisting of a large body of mounted police armed with revolvers, a detachment of cavalry with drawn swords, while marines and police, all fully armed, followed in cars. Bodies of marines and police were also stationed at intervals along the route.

If the Invincibles had meditated any attempt at rescue they were cowed and overawed by this formidable display of force. They were to prove now that they were not quite as invincible as they believed themselves to be.

The first day's trial was principally occupied with swearing in a jury and appointing counsel to defend the prisoners. On the 11th it was resumed, and Joe Brady was the first one put forward. He was guarded on each side by a marine and a warder, and two powerful constables sat behind him, while round the court itself a ring of steel was drawn, and no one was allowed to enter who wasn't provided with a ticket. Brady had improved in appearance during his incarceration, and displayed even more levity than on previous occasions. While the Attorney-General was delivering his opening speech the prisoner frequently broke into laughter, and seemed to treat the whole proceeding as a huge joke.

When James Carey was called there was extraordinary excitement among the spectators. He appeared in a new suit of drab tweed clothes, and wore patent leather boots with cloth tops. His hair was carefully brushed and his whiskers trimmed. He looked quite a dandy. His appearance caused a change in Brady, whose eyes flashed fire. He clenched his fists and gnashed his teeth, and seemed to be in a fit of uncontrollable rage. But he soon calmed down and resumed his jaunty air.

When the ghastly details of the medical evidence were given a shudder ran through the court, but the brave in the dock smiled.

DEATH SENTENCES.

The trial didn't last long. The evidence was too clear. The jury were only absent forty minutes, and returned with a verdict of "Guilty." Then for the first time the ruffian changed his demeanour. His face blanched and underlip quivered, while his powerful hands closed convulsively round the dock-rail.

In the most solemn and impressive manner Judge O'Brien sentenced him to death, and exhorted him to devote what little time was left to him in trying to make his peace with God. The execution was there and then fixed for May 14th. As the condemned man was removed he made desperate efforts to recover his composure, but the wretch's spirit was broken at last now that he stood face to face with Death. He had dealt death pitilessly to others; now that his own doom was sealed he was appalled. As he reached the end of the dock he abruptly turned round to the judge, and, with lips blanched and voice quivering, he exclaimed: "I am innocent. I am innocent."

Daniel Curley was the next of the batch to be tried. He was between thirty-five and forty years of age, delicate in appearance, and very much marked by small-pox. He had slight whiskers, and wavy, light brown hair. He was a very different stamp from Brady, and appeared cast down and nervous. Peter Carey, who had now been admitted as a witness for the Crown, testified against this man. As in the other case, the trial was short, the verdict "Guilty," the sentence death on May 18th. When he heard his doom he utterly broke down and wept.

Timothy Kelly was the next one. He was a youth scarcely twenty. He tried to appear unmoved, but his agitation was too obvious to be disguised. In this case the jury could not agree (only one stood out against guilty), and as one was taken ill, they were discharged, and the prisoner was put back to be tried again.

Michael Fagan followed, and was sentenced to death. He was a truculent bully, and tried to be defiant, but the sentence appalled him, nevertheless, and he seemed to wilt when he heard his doom.

On April 23rd Kelly was again brought up for trial with a new jury, but they, too, disagreed, and were discharged. There is no doubt the prisoner's youth influenced them.

On the 20th "Skin the Goat" stood in the dock. He was between fifty-five and sixty years of age, with a battered, weather-beaten face. He was a little man of a repulsive type. The jury found him not guilty, but he was put back. The law hadn't yet done with him. James Mullett was next tried, and got off with penal servitude for life.

On May 7th Tim Kelly was put on his trial for the third time, and the evidence was so overwhelming that the jury condemned him, and he was sentenced to be executed on June 9th. He was terribly affected, and almost fainted. "Skin the Goat" was once more brought up and fresh evidence produced, with the result that he got penal servitude for life.

RETRIBUTION.

Brady met his doom with firmness, but all his bravado had left him, and he appeared to be penitent. On May 18th Daniel Curley was hanged. He showed great cowardice, and had suffered terribly while in prison. On the 28th Michael Fagan went to his doom. He tried to control himself, but broke down. Thomas Caffrey paid the penalty on June 2nd. He, too, was greatly overcome, and the prospect of death appalled him. On June 9th the boy Tim Kelly expiated his crime, but was a pitiable sight when brought to the scaffold. Although so young, it was proved conclusively that the cowardly young ruffian had plunged his knife several times into Mr. Burke's body as he lay on the ground with the blood pouring from his horrible wounds.

Thus the principals in the awful crime had yielded their worthless lives to the outraged law, and there wasn't an honest man or woman in Ireland who didn't acknowledge the justice of the retribution which had overtaken the brutal murderers.

The other prisoners, who had played minor parts, received varying terms of imprisonment, so that the whole gang met their deserts. Against James Carey the feeling in certain quarters was intense, and, though he had escaped the law, the Invincibles condemned him to death. And the extraordinary manner in which the vengeance was carried out must be told in another chapter.

(*Next week—"The Assassination of James Carey."*)

He (newly engaged): "So, dear Clara, you are quite resolved upon going to Sweden for our wedding trip?"

"Yes, of course, Edward; you know in the maps Sweden is always such a beautiful pink, and pink is so becoming to me."

A pompous manufacturer of machinery was showing a stranger over his factory.

"Fine piece of work, isn't it?" he said, when they were looking at a very ingenious machine.

"Yes," said the visitor, "but you cannot hold a candle to the goods we are turning out."

"Indeed!" said the chagrined manufacturer, "and what is your line?"

"Gunpowder," was the reply.

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"DAYS" THAT ARE DEAD.

Certain enthusiastic Welshmen have started a movement to revive the custom of wearing the leek on the anniversary of St. David's Day, on March 1st.

It is extremely doubtful, however, whether anything will come of it. The ancient use seems to have become entirely obsolete; and that, too, within a generation, seeing that it was commonly worn even at Court up to within less than thirty years ago, its last appearance there being on March 1st, 1882, when our present Queen, then Princess of Wales, "wore the leek" at a Drawing Room.

Oak-apple Day, May 29th, seems, too, to be quite dead, although men who are not yet much past middle age can recall the time when not to "sport one's oak" on that famous anniversary was regarded as a mark of open and blatant disloyalty.

St. Valentine's Day is as good as defunct. The custom of "wearing the green" on St. Patrick's Day is not now nearly so general as it was a few years back; or, at all events, so say the Covent Garden dealers. The same people, too, are responsible for the statement that there has been a steady falling off during the past five or six years in the demand for primroses on Primrose Day, April 19th, the anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield.

It is certain that Guy Fawkes Day is not now celebrated to anything like the extent it once was. And although an attempt was made, during the patriotic wave engendered by the Boer war to induce Englishmen to wear the red rose on St. George's Day, April 23rd, it met with but scant success.

A HOUSE THAT WALKS.

There has recently been quite a boom in the building of freak caravans.

One, for instance, was constructed the other day by a London firm to the order of an Indian rajah, which is best described as a shooting-box on wheels.

It is of teak, lined with oak, weighs ten tons, and cost £1,000. It is to be used as a sort of travelling covert, from which to kill tigers, and such-like big game.

Another weird-looking contrivance of the kind is just on the point of being shipped to Valdez, Alaska, for use by one of the competitors in the New York to Paris motor-car race.

It is not, however, either expected or intended that this unique house on wheels will travel the whole distance between Behring Strait and the French capital. But the owner hopes that it will afford him assistance, and a convenient refuge in case of need, during that critical stage of his journey, which lies between East Cape and Verchojansk, where the country is uninhabited, and the climate of extreme Arctic severity.

It is really a caravan mounted on a chassis; the upper part, however, instead of being of the familiar gipsy-van type, resembling rather an Indian tepee, or half a huge cocoanut resting on its edges. It is wind-proof, and the interior is made snug against the cold by a twelve-fold lining of felt eighteen inches thick.

Yet a third curiosity in this type of vehicle is that which was recently sent out to Bagamayo, German East Africa, by M. Gustav Wolf, a Berlin orchid collector. It has ten wheels, which are fitted on to endless bands studded with projecting steel feet—in short, a house that walks.

By means of this device, it is claimed, the caravan can be driven anywhere, over the roughest ground, and through the thickest undergrowth.

It is, of course, steam-propelled; and for fuel it burns wood, straw, or, in fact, almost anything.

FAREWELL, CARRIER PIGEON.

One result of the general introduction of wireless telegraphy, that appears to have been overlooked up till now, is the threatened uselessness of the carrier pigeon.

Just as the introduction of the railway, combined with the advent of the electric telegraph, sealed the fate of the post-horse and his rider, so has Marconi's wonderful invention largely rendered useless for most practical purposes the retention of these swiftly-flying birds, once considered so indispensable in military and naval operations especially.

The German authorities were the first to move in the matter. Then the French Government decreed that "pigeongrams" should cease henceforth to be officially recognised, both as regards the Army and the Navy. And now comes the news that our own Admiralty has decided to do away with its carrier-pigeon service, so far as home stations are concerned, and that the pigeon lofts at Devonport, Portsmouth, Sheerness, and elsewhere, are to be abolished.

And this, it is to be feared, is but the beginning of the inevitable end. Even the various commercial pigeon postal services existent in various parts of the world, have been, or, are being, discontinued, including the famous one established between Auckland, New Zealand, and the isolated Great Barrier Island, in the summer of 1899.

In short, the bird, considered simply as a news carrier, has had its day. It has been a long "day," however, dating back at least as far as the siege of Modena, 43 B.C., when Hirtius and Brutus kept up a regular correspondence by their aid.

Have you good taste in dress? Jean Worth, of Paris, has better, so read "Some Advice for Beauty's Types," an article from his pen which appears in the March ROYAL MAGAZINE, now on sale everywhere, price 4d.

By Arnold Golsworthy.

THERE was quite a commotion outside Chorley's house the other evening. People seemed to be hurrying past in great numbers and talking excitedly to each other; and after a while Chorley went to the door to see what the matter was. As he got to the garden gate, Mr. Boniper, who lived a few doors down, stopped for a moment in his hurry to explain.

"Finnegan's farm's on fire," said Mr. Boniper, breathlessly. "Come along. You may be able to help save something. They say that two of the barns are burnt right out, and that the house itself 'll go next."

Chorley at once ran indoors for his hat, and joined the procession. The farm lay about a quarter of a mile up the road. Chorley knew the place well enough because Finnegan was a cowkeeper in a large way and his carts practically supplied the whole neighbourhood with milk and butter.

By the time Chorley reached the place, one of the barns had just collapsed. The next building that was threatened was the cowshed, and Chorley was quite desperate in his anxiety to help. He ran up to a tall man standing near the shed and volunteered his assistance. Then the tall man turned round and Chorley suddenly recognised him.

"Hallo, Wimbleby," he said.

"Hallo, Chorley," retorted Wimbleby. "Come to see what you can pick up, eh?"

"How dare you!" exclaimed Chorley indignantly. "I came to see if I could help."

"Yes, I know," sneered Wimbleby. "Old Finnegan's just told me that he'd be all right if so many people hadn't come to help. One man was trying to help a couple of young pigs out of a sty on the other side of the farm, but they luckily caught him in time."

Chorley felt too mad to reply, and, as it happened, he wouldn't have had time to say much anyhow. The local fire brigade men were rushing a hose up to the scene. They had got it stretched out to its full length, and were running along with it sideways in a desperate hurry. Wimbleby saw it coming, and jumped over it; but Chorley wasn't so lucky. The hose caught him just behind the knees, dragging him off his feet, and bowling him over like a ninepin.

Chorley wasn't hurt to any extent. What really annoyed him was Wimbleby's coarse laughter at the mishap. Wimbleby had a laugh like sawing wood with a broken saw, and it set Chorley's teeth on edge every time. Chorley was busy for some minutes rubbing himself down, and Wimbleby, with a final snort of contempt, went and joined a group of spectators.

A few moments later a man in his shirt-sleeves ran up and said in a respectful tone:

"Beg pardon, sir, are you Mr. Chorley?"

"Yes, my man," replied Chorley, "that's my name."

"Well, please sir, Mr. Finnegan says would you mind doin' 'im a great favour. There's such a mixed lot up 'ere that we 'as to be so careful who we asks for to do anythin'. But we can't git the fire under. It's gettin' nearer the 'ouse every minute, and, as you know, the 'ouse is built of wood throughout, and if a spark ketches it, the place 'll burn like tinder."

"No doubt," agreed Chorley; "but what can I do?"

"Why, there's the furniture to be saved, sir. Mr Finnegan says would you run round and tell Mrs. Finnegan what's the matter, and 'elp 'er and the children to get the furniture out as quickly as possible. Don't leave it too near the 'ouse, sir."

"You can tell Mr. Finnegan," said Chorley, "that I'm delighted to be able to help him. Tell him, he needn't worry a little bit. I'll see that his furniture is got out in time."

Proud of the confidence reposed in him, Chorley hurried round to interview Mrs. Finnegan, who was in such a state of excitement that the news that her house was threatened by the flames occasioned her no surprise. She said she had expected it; and without further ado she set her two children, a boy and girl of about ten and twelve years old respectively, to move some of the lighter articles of furniture; and then, while Chorley went in search of a man to help him with the heavy pieces, Mrs. Finnegan ran upstairs to save the beds.

Inside of three minutes, Chorley, in a great state of excitement, was back at the farmhouse with one of the men who was known to him by sight. As soon as the man had had Mr. Finnegan's order explained to him, he recommended Chorley to store the furniture in an old and disused barn about fifty yards away—far enough off to be out of danger. Chorley congratulated the fellow on his intelligent appreciation of the circumstances, and between them the two ran out with a chiffonier that stood in the parlour.

The children were able to take the chairs, and Chorley and the man set to work to get the parlour table out. It was an awkward burden to carry, but after ripping off part of the lintel of a door-post and smashing a pane of glass in the front door, they managed to get the table out by turning it on its side and steering it round the corners gradually.

Chorley stood under the front windows, holding his end of the table by the top and one leg, and suggested a minute's halt while he got his breath back. He heard Mrs. Finnegan moving about upstairs in a state of great excitement, and as a window over his head was opened, he looked up.

At the same moment a feather-bed came down all in a heap. It caught Chorley on the head and bore him to the ground like a log of wood. The table he was holding came with him, and the sharp rap with which it hit the ground, wrenched the leg off with a heart-rending crash, as if it had been a piece of paper. As

Then followed the rest of the bedding.

Chorley struggled to extricate himself from the feather-bed, another was thrown down on the top of that, and then a couple of straw mattresses followed. Mrs. Finnegan was evidently not a woman to lose time when there was a clear call for a display of energy.

Gasping for breath, Chorley fought his way out from under the accumulation of mattresses, and having sent up a warning shout of protest, bustled along with the parlour table in the hope that his assistant would not notice in the rush the disaster that had happened to it. They had got about half-a-dozen yards farther on with it when they suddenly ran into Mr. Finnegan himself.

"What the dickens——!" began that gentleman.

"It's all right, Finnegan," said Chorley, reassuringly, "we've got most of the things out. Mrs. F. is upstairs throwing the beds out of the window, and the man and I are just going back for the piano and the carpets."

"Oh, *are* you?" said Finnegan, looking from Chorley to the man and then back again to Chorley with a mystified air. "What does it all mean? What the dickens are ye doin'?"

"Doing?" echoed Chorley. "Why, what you asked me to do, of course! You sent me a message to say I was to run round and get your furniture out before the fire reached it, and——"

"Don't talk rot!" exclaimed Finnegan. "I never sent any message of the sort. The fire was never within a quarter o' a mile o' the 'ouse. What's yer game, hey?"

"It's no game at all," replied Chorley hotly. "If this is the way you're going to treat people who go out of their way to help you——"

"Oh, I know all about that," retorted Finnegan. "I've 'ad a lot o' your sort round my place to-night. We've got five of 'em down at the police-station for a start. I suppose you've got a van or something on the road, that you're putting my things into, eh?"

Before Chorley could reply, Mrs. Finnegan had another spell of activity from the window above. Two pillows and a towel-horse hit Mr. Finnegan in rapid succession on the back of the neck, and losing his head for the moment, he slashed out, and caught Chorley a rather troublesome smick with his whip in the back—or thereabouts. After which he rushed into the house, and appealed to Mrs. Finnegan not to let the

He lashed out, and caught Chorley a rather troublesome smick.

idiotic instincts of her side of the family prevail at such a busy moment. Then he came back to Chorley.

"Who are you?" he said abruptly. "And who's your accomplice?"

"My name is Chorley," was the reply given, with as much dignity as Chorley could muster, a good deal of his attention being occupied for the moment in rubbing the spot where the whip had hit him. "My accomplice, as you call him," he added, "is one of your men."

"So it is," exclaimed Finnegan. "He oughter had more sense than to be fooled by a man o' your sort. Where's the furniture you've taken out o' my house? Eh? You just set to work, you two, and bring it all back, and set it where you found it. As if I hadn't had trouble enough for one evening!"

"If you think——" began Chorley.

"That'll do, my fine fellow," replied Finnegan pointing at Chorley ominously with his whip. "I've been through quite enough to-night, and I warn you that I'm not in the humour to stand any of your April fool nonsense. As for my man, he knows me well enough to be sure that I don't take no truck from the likes of 'im."

There was, consequently, nothing for it but to return the furniture to the house, especially as Finnegan followed the procession each time, swishing his whip through the air with a saucy significance. It was nearly eleven o'clock before Chorley was allowed to return home. As he opened his garden gate, he saw Wimbleby peering over the fence at him.

"Hallo, Chorley," said Wimbleby. "I hear you've been trying it on in spite of the advice I gave you."

"I shouldn't be surprised," spluttered Chorley angrily, "if the truth were known, to hear that you were at the bottom of this nonsense."

But Wimbleby merely broke out into his coarse and vulgar laugh and went into his house and slammed the door.

(Mr. Golsworthy will relate another of Chorley's adventures next week.)

A feather bed came down and caught Chorley on the head.

CHINA DEFEATED.

"PRISONER," said the judge, "you say your wife hit you on the head with a plate. Is that so?"

"Yes, sor," answered the prisoner, who rejoiced in the name of Mulligan, and who had his Irish nationality written largely on his features.

"But," said the judge, "your head doesn't show marks of any kind."

"No, sor," answered Mr. Mulligan, with a touch of pride, "but ye should ha' seen that plate."

MR. HOUSKEEP: "It seems to me we get an awful lot of milk nowadays."

Mrs. Houskeep: "Yes, we get a gallon."

Mr. Houskeep: "Gracious! We can't use that much every day."

Mrs. Houskeep: "I know, but it's a penny cheaper buying it by the gallon."

DETECTED.

ONE-ARMED TRAMP (at kitchen door): "Please, sir, could you assist a poor man? I was a railway porter, and lost my arm on the line."

Man of the House: "Just come in, and shut the door behind you."

Tramp obeys.

Man of the House: "Now, you get out again. You're no railway porter. If you had been, you would have shut the door with a bang that would have broken half the dishes on the kitchen shelves."

Picked Pars.

Celebrities in Trouble.

Daniel Nebuchadnezzar was the name of a young man charged at Marlborough Street Police Court, London, recently.

Time for Taxis.

A London cabman stated at Brentford County Court that his wife had £1,000 in the bank, and he had two residences—one at Chiswick and the other on the river near Staines.

Worth Having.

The Westminster City Council decided recently to grant the town clerk an increase of salary of £250 a year, to be followed by a further increase next year of a similar sum.

Against the Wall.

In endeavouring to rescue his dog, which had located an otter burrow at Clonderlaw (Co. Clare), a man named John Cassidy had his hand so badly bitten by one of the otters that an amputation had to be performed.

Modest as Usual.

Many of the New York portrait painters interviewed on the subject assert that the American type of feminine beauty is, owing to physical and mental development, gradually assuming the classic Greek standard, and that before the next century the United States woman will be the most beautiful in the world.

Scots Wha Hae to Wigan Fled.

When a deserter from the Seaforth Highlanders at Fort George, Inverness-shire, was charged at Wigan, it was stated that he secreted himself in a coal-truck, and travelled 360 miles in it.

Sprats as Manure.

Lynn and Boston fishermen are catching very large quantities of sprats in the Wash. As only poor prices are offered, the men find it more remunerative to dispose of their catches to farmers for use in manuring the land.

Has Bequeathed Her Brain.

Miss Louise Randolph, a New York actress, with a remarkable memory, has agreed that after her death her brain shall become the property of a scientific society, this being the first case on record of a woman making such an offer.

Something Like a Fence!

After five years' work Australia's great trans-continental rabbit-proof fence has been completed. Its length is 2,036 miles, and the cost of its erection has been nearly £250,000. It is furnished at intervals of five miles with systems of traps, in which hundreds of rabbits are captured and destroyed daily. Inside the barrier there appears as yet no trace of their presence.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Mixed With Faith.

"I have known nervous maladies to be cured with bread pills or coloured water," remarked Judge Hans Hamilton, of Accrington.

Saved by a Certificate.

Mr. Stewart Dunbar saved his life in a remarkable manner at San Rafael, California, when his foot became caught in a railway line. He set fire to a Clearing House certificate which he had in his pocket, and stopped an approaching train by waving it.

The Whale That Turned.

A whale recently rammed the Hamburg-America liner *Fürst Bismarck*. The liner struck the whale—quite by accident—just off Corunna. The whale—a large specimen fifty feet long—quickly retaliated. It turned, and charged the ship with such force that the shock was felt from bow to stern. Then the whale disappeared.

Carmen in a Car.

Miss Olga Netherscle, who is now appearing at Pittsburg with her company, sprained her ankle seriously, and it was feared that she would be unable to take part in the dramatised version of *Carmen*, which was to have been presented. The bookings, however, were unusually large, and, in order not to disappoint her audience, Miss Netherscle played the part of Carmen from a wheeled chair.

Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

TO BAULK THE SUN.

When a magnifying glass is exhibited for sale in the shop window of a jeweller or a pawnbroker, it is often decorated with a dab of whitening in the centre. This is done in order to prevent the instrument acting as a burning glass and perhaps setting fire to some of the other goods. This precaution is always effective, and the whitening can easily be rubbed off when necessary.

NOT SUCH AN ASS.

Those who regard the donkey as a stupid animal would probably be induced to alter their opinion by a tour round the coasts of England and Ireland. Where a field is situated immediately above high cliffs, and young horses have been turned into it, a donkey may generally be found browsing away contentedly in their midst. Needless to say, he is not placed there for an ornament. Owing to his superior intelligence nothing will induce him to venture near the edge of the cliff, and the colts, which otherwise would probably fall over and be killed, take a lesson from his example and avoid the dangerous neighbourhood.

TO HOLD THE STONES.

When it is necessary to bind large stones together, as in the case of copings covering a gable, the method shown in the illustration is generally employed. A thin cramp of the right length is made out of a piece of metal and the ends turned down about one and a half inches. These ends, which are left rough, are then inserted into dovetailed shaped mortises while the body lies along a chase made to receive it in the stones. Molten lead or liquid cement is then poured into the chase, and the stones are thus effectually riveted together.

BAFFLING MICE.

There are not many articles of food which a mouse will not patronise, but if there is one thing more than another which specially appeals to him, it is undoubtedly a good ham. For the sake of a nibble at this delicacy he will almost brave any danger. Even in cases where a ham has been suspended from a beam, mice have been known to creep along the woodwork and jump down on to it from above, eventually retracing their steps by creeping up the cord. Such attacks may be prevented by passing a piece of wire through a bit of tin, and suspending the ham as shown in the picture.

ONLY THE EDGE.

People unacquainted with the trick of the trade probably imagine that the whole of an axehead is made of cast steel. This, however, is frequently not the case. The head is first of all forged roughly to shape and then cut as shown in the illustration. After that a piece of cast steel is slipped in to form the edge and the whole is hammered down. It is not necessary for the entire head to be made of cast steel as the broad part merely serves to carry the edge.

SAVING THE DOOR.

So many people use "developers" nowadays, and so many doors in consequence are spoiled by having large hook screws inserted into them, that a contrivance which will do away with the necessity for this damage will no doubt be welcome. The ingenious invention shown in the picture, which accomplishes the desired end, may be purchased from most athletic outfitters. It consists of a small piece of bent steel which is placed over the top of the door, the portion of it which comes inside the room being provided with the necessary hook. Both outside and inside it is fitted with indiarubber pads to prevent the paint from being scratched, and it will stand a far heavier strain than the ordinary screw.

P*A*R*S A*B*O*U*T F*O*O*T*B*A*L*L P*L*A*Y*E*R*S.

A Few Facts About Well-known Footballers.

G. Woodger (Crystal Palace).

When George Woodger was a schoolboy his headmaster nicknamed him "Lady," on account of his neat, tidy, and gentle ways; and the name, which still sticks to him, gives an admirable idea of his methods on the football field.

For Woodger is, above everything, a "refined" player. He dribbles and passes as daintily as if he were in a drawing-room; he is as light and skilful on his feet as a dancing mistress, and he evades the heavy charge of a burly back as coolly and neatly as a Spanish matador does the rush of an infuriated bull.

Naturally enough, such a fine player—he is generally looked upon as among the six best English inside lefts of the day—has been much "angled" for, and though Crystal Palace recently had, so it was commonly reported, an offer of £1,500 for his transfer, he still remains loyal to the club that first brought him out of the obscurity of local Croydon games.

Woodger is only in his twenty-third year, and his hobbies are rowing and cycling.

J. F. Bellamy (Portsmouth).

James Bellamy has all the attributes that go to make a really first-class footballer, except robust health and physique.

Fast, tricky, a clever dribbler, with a fine command over the ball, and a powerful shot, Bellamy is a very dangerous right winger indeed on his day; and it was only the absolute necessity of living by the seaside that caused him to leave Woolwich Arsenal, with whom he first made his name, at the end of last season.

Portsmouth air evidently agrees with him, and he has done much good work for the team, especially since J. A. Louch has been in the centre to turn his centres from the wing to account.

Bellamy is an expert penalty kicker and holds something like a record for "converting" from the twelve yards' mark. His hobby, like that of his captain, Buick, is canary breeding.

W. Wedlock (Bristol City).

There is something very reminiscent of Johnny Holt, Everton's famous centre-half of the nineties, about Wedlock.

Like that great little International, Wedlock himself stands only 5ft. 5in. The Bristolian is as tireless as a steam engine, as active as a cat, and as irrepressible as a lady who pines for the franchise. For his build he tackles marvellously, runs very well indeed, gets to a ball in the air extraordinarily, and has a great dislike for questionable tactics.

Wedlock played in all three Internationals for England last season, as well as for the South against the North. Apropos of this match, Wedlock was literally an eleventh-hour selection, he being wired for at bedtime on Sunday night to play on Monday afternoon. By travelling all night, changing in the train, and being met by a motor-car on his arrival, he just managed to reach the ground in time for the kick-off.

E. McGibbon (New Brompton).

Much of the success achieved by New Brompton in this season's fight for the English Cup was due to the smart way in which their centre-forward, McGibbon, seized his chances in front of goal.

Sergeant McGibbon, at present stationed with his regiment at Woolwich, is an amateur, and he has played football since he was a very small boy. It was not until he went to Gibraltar and, later, to Malta that he began to show any exceptional ability, however.

But he made a big name for himself at both these Mediterranean stations, and when he returned home a year or so ago, it was as a centre-forward of proved worth in Army games and distinct possibilities in higher circles.

A big, finely set-up man—his soldier-like bearing even on the football field being very noticeable—McGibbon is speedily proving himself one of the best "middlemen" in the South. He has already played for the amateurs of the South against those of the North, and, given reasonable luck, should gain still more honours than this.

J. Logan (Aston Villa).

It is not often that a young man, however keen on the game he may be, will give up a so-called "safe" position in life for the somewhat precarious calling of a professional footballer. James Logan did this, however, for he relinquished his post as a bank clerk to join the forces of Aston Villa.

Before he went to the famous Birmingham club Logan was a shining light in the ranks of Queen's Park, Glasgow, with whom he made a big name as one of the best centre halves in Scotland.

This season he has been sharing the duties of that position and those of left back; but, useful man though he is in this latter place, there is no doubt that centre half is his proper and natural sphere.

He is a hard worker in defence and an artistic feeder of his forwards, and as he is still quite young should have a bright future in store.

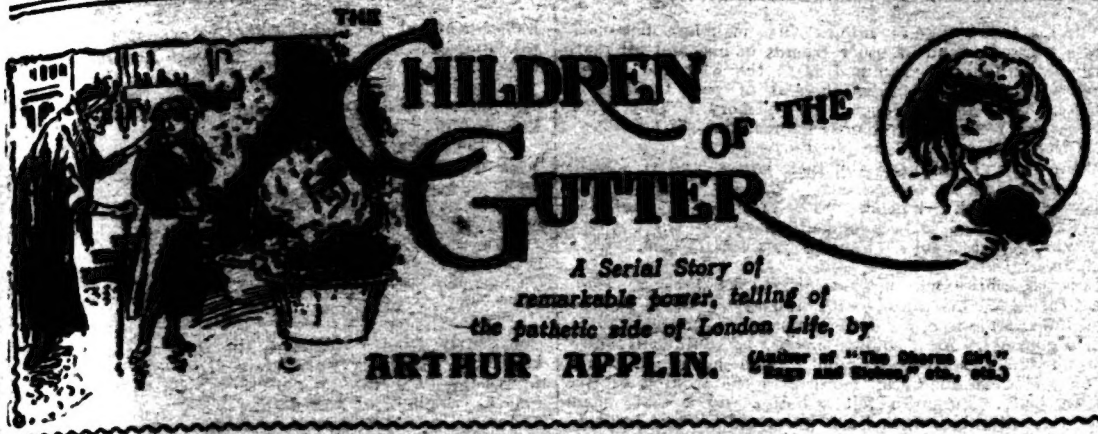
S. Bloomer (Middlesbrough).

If a vote were taken as to who is the greatest forward in the history of football, Stephen Bloomer would most likely head the poll.

It is not necessary at this time of day to enlarge upon Bloomer's merits as an inside right—they are too well known to all who take any interest in our great winter game—but it may be of interest to tell how he first came into prominence.

This was due to a chance remark of the then Derby County secretary. That gentleman was one day bemoaning the fact that he sadly needed a forward to complete his team for the following Saturday's match, and the remark being overheard by a junior clerk in his office, he suggested that "the best forward of our club" be given a trial. "Our club" was perhaps not much of a recommendation, but its best forward was, rather grudgingly, given the vacant place, and immediately showed his worth. He never looked back, and to-day holds no fewer than twenty-three International caps.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



WHAT HAS ALREADY APPEARED.

MA DRUCE rules her household with a rod of iron. Her children (Maggie, the flower-seller; Alf, the paper-boy; and Alice; and Jim, the out-of-work auto-driver) are all victims of her tyrannous tongue. One daughter has been driven from home up her cruelty, and now leads a questionable life. To Alf and Maggie the mother is particularly brutal, and in the squalid scene at Rockfeller Buildings, near Drury Lane, Maggie always begins.

One night Ma Druce lashes Maggie with a rope-end, and blood spurts from the flower-girl's white skin. The paper-boy cannot witness his mother's cruel blows without action, and he seizes a knife that is lying near and rushes at his parent.

There is a thud; Ma Druce drops to the ground, never to rise again. Jim Ferguson, who married Alice Druce, takes upon himself the blame of the murder, and tells the two street sellers to go away and never come back.

Maggie has been posing for an artist named Jim Ferguson, and, on leaving Rockfeller Buildings, she journeys with her brother to the artist's studio, and is provided with accommodation there.

Jim Ferguson has a curious temperament. He is painting a picture of the flower-girl dancing to a barrel organ in the gutter, and his heart is with the subject. But his funds are low, and the type of pictures which he loves painting are not readily sold, so he undertakes a commission to paint the portrait of the Hon. Miss Christine Bodeley. Miss Bodeley is the social success of the season, and Jim becomes interested in her personality.

One day an over-dressed visitor calls at Jim's studio. She introduces herself as Ruby Druce, Maggie's sister, and she interrogates the artist with regard to Maggie's future. She tells Jim about the murder, and the artist realises that he is facing a deep problem.

Detectives visit the studio, and Jim denies that he knows where the street sellers are abiding. The officials call a second time, however, and, seeing both Maggie and Alf, take the newsboy into custody in connection with the murder. As Jim refuses to accompany them to the station they obtain a warrant, and call at the studio whilst Miss Bodeley is there and arrest him, together with Maggie. After the magisterial hearing Ferguson is remanded, for he tells a tale which the police witnesses contradict.

Lord Bodeley reads about the case in the papers.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.
Through Society's Spectacles.

THERE was a gloomy silence. Christine was trying to read the paper over her father's shoulder; he was grumbling under his breath.

"Is there anything about it in the newspaper?" Lady Bodeley asked innocently.

"Of course there is; you know perfectly well there is. The wretched man has got himself mixed up with this Rockfeller Buildings murder case. It appears he has been hiding some wretched child who has killed its parent . . . most disgraceful. Now he's remanded until the trial takes place. Really, Ellice, you are sometimes guilty of the most unpardonable follies. Just because you believe this man can paint decently, and because someone has recommended him, you rush off, without making any inquiries." He rose, and crumpled the unoffending newspaper in his hands.

"Mayn't I look at it, daddy?" Christine asked lightly.

"No, you may not. . . . Well, yes, I suppose you may." He turned to his wife. "Please understand, Ellice, when this fellow's released you must write to him, make some excuse—say we've altered our minds or something."

Miss Bodeley seated herself in the vacated parental chair. "You can't do that, daddy," she said firmly.

But her father was on his way to his study. "Send him a cheque for what he's done," he said as he closed the door.

Mother and daughter looked at one another. "I'm really sorry for Mr. Ferguson. Of course, it was too bad of him to have been so careless—I mean, he must have known. . . . Really, it's quite true, artists are impossible!"

"Are they—or are we?" Miss Bodeley laughed.

But the laughter left her lips and her eyes as she perused the account of the police-court proceedings.

"Mother! He's in prison!"

"Dear, dear. . . . Really it's most thoughtless of him. Of course, it would be impossible for him to continue the portrait. I suppose we shall have to pay him something, but I really don't think he deserves it."

Miss Bodeley rose, carefully and deliberately folded the newspaper, then looked at her mother. "We shall have to get him out of prison, mother."

"Christine, don't talk nonsense, or I shall really be angry with you."

"Mother, dear, for once in my life I'm not talking nonsense, and you know it. Why, of course, I see quite clearly now what's happened. That child—you know, the little ragged flower-seller person—he was trying to save her from—from—well, I suppose from the police or something. I don't suppose he knew anything about this dreadful murder, or, if he did—well, it was noble to try and help the poor child. What happens when people are remanded? I mean, suppose they had suspected and taken me—father would have to bail me out, wouldn't he?"

Lady Bodeley was becoming really perturbed. "Christine, don't talk about things you do not understand."

The Dresden china figure shrugged her shoulders. She stamped one foot on the ground and shook her head much after the manner of a wild thing of the woods—a deer which, for the first time encountering a danger or difficulty, is impelled by pride and curiosity to overcome it, but until it does so resents being suddenly faced by the unknown.

Miss Bodeley stamped another foot. She was really unconscious of her actions; they were instinctive, and doubtless she had inherited them from her primeval ancestors of the forests. Then, finding it was useless to attack her mother, she left the room, intending to invade her father's sanctuary. She paused with her hand on the handle of the door; no one, not even her mother, dared beard the lion in his den until the news of the world and the flesh had been digested.

Perhaps she was acting precipitately! She walked up and down the hall, her hands folded behind her back, her head slightly bent, thinking.

What had Jim Ferguson to do with her? She had only met him once or twice; she had known him for—some six hours. Still, those six hours had been very full ones. She had known a certain Sir Reginald Barent, a leading light on the Tory benches and a friend of her father, for over a year; yet she was now quite alive to the fact that she had seen further into the heart and brain of the artist than the latter man.

She threw back her head with a gesture of irritation, a gesture again reminiscent of a startled fawn, of an angry deer. It was most annoying to have to confess even to herself that her knowledge of Jim Ferguson had been gained in a few hours, and that their friendship had only lasted two days.

Though her father was not a middle-class man, she knew he possessed many middle-class prejudices and theories. One, that women were turned out from the machine of life like sausages from the machine of Lipton; a few might vary very slightly in weight and shape, but the contents must be the same in each. They were produced for a definite purpose in a definite way, and the moment they left the hands of the maker till the hour when they disappeared into Mother Earth or the hungry human maw only three things were expected of them—uniformity, digestibility, and freshness.

The original sausage would rightly be condemned, anyway. Christine began to have suspicion that the original woman was only condemned by the unoriginal. Even German sausages varied in shape and design and contents; she had seen them in the windows of foreign shops in London dressed in gold and silver: proud and humble. And she had been allowed to read of women who had insisted on forming their own lives, hewing their own futures from the rock of life, and even, descending to the commonplace, had dressed, eaten, and slept when, where, and how they thought fit, not as mere animals or after the fashion of a flock of sheep.

She was quite sure she knew Jim Ferguson very well. She was quite sure she understood him; she was almost sure she liked him—very much. But who would believe her? If she pleaded with her father to go to the police-court and bail him out, she would be told she was sentimental or romantic, foolish and unwomanly.

She began to wish she were an animal, a thing of the forest. They possessed a certain individuality, yet they could be loyal to one another. Why not human beings?

It was obvious that Christine had not been taught philosophy; her thoughts were disconnected and unformed. Plato and Socrates, Homerus and Kant, she knew them only by name. Her heart she did not know at all, and her soul was only allowed a little light exercise and a little light diet in company with a crowd of others for some sixty minutes once a week.

It occurred to her presently that the man, who to the best of his ability gave her soul its light diet and its light exercise once a week, might come to her and Jim Ferguson's rescue now.

So, saying she was going to exercise Napoleon, her bull terrier, in Kensington Gardens, she dressed, and, in company with the sympathetic dog, made a hurried circle of the Round Pond, and then—straight to the Reverend Edgar Dawson's house.

Of course, some valuable time was wasted in discussing the past fogs and the future climatic conditions of the Metropolis. Then Mr. Dawson admired the bull terrier and tried to make friends with him, but the bull terrier was busy making friends with the furniture and knocking it over, and Christine found it very difficult to come to the point. At last she blurted out the reason of her visit.

Mr. Dawson raised his eyebrows and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Dear, dear, I'm very sorry to hear it. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Ferguson's acquaintance, but the name seems familiar somehow—last year's Academy. I suppose you saw last year's Academy, Miss Bodeley; there were some very charming pictures."

Miss Bodeley agreed. "But can't you help me get Mr. Ferguson out of prison?"

Mr. Dawson smiled indulgently. "Of course I'm willing to do all in my power to help you, but I think perhaps——" he hesitated and again ran his fingers through his hair. He began to look like a porcupine, and so Christine stared at her dog. "I should think Lord Bodeley would—er—be able to help you more than I can."

Mr. Dawson felt in a most awkward position. The Bodeleys were his most influential parishioners, and he was willing to do anything they asked; but this request was an extraordinary one. After a great deal of verbal fencing he cross-examined Miss Bodeley, and, discovering she had come without her parents' knowledge or consent, he took the only course open to a man who, however worthy, is only a little cogwheel in the big old-fashioned machine.

"Take my advice and lay the whole facts before your father and mother, they'll advise you far better than I can, Miss Bodeley. If I can help you in any other way—though I fear Mr. Ferguson is not in my parish—I'll gladly write to his vicar and ask him to do all he can for him. And as for those two poor little waifs, I'll endeavour to see the court missionary this afternoon, and interest him in them. But you'll probably find he's done all that's possible."

Miss Bodeley sighed. Either she was very dense or Mr. Dawson was. "I'm afraid the missionary is no good," she said lamely; "a missionary can't get Mr. Ferguson out of prison; and it must be awful for a man of his education and ability, and all that, to be shut up. As for the girl, goodness knows what's happened to her now."

"We'll find and see she's well cared for," the vicar said heartily, rising. "And you'll take my advice, won't you, Miss Bodeley? Your father is a man for whose judgment I have the greatest respect."

Miss Bodeley left crushed, beaten, and rebellious. She walked fiercely through Kensington Gardens again; she walked with a swing and determination quite foreign to her Dresden china figure. There was an expression on her face that Napoleon had never seen there before; he refrained from his natural desire to chase ducks and fight all the dogs he met, he walked beside his mistress sympathising and feeling rebellious himself. Something was wrong with the world—something was wrong with Christine. She wanted to fight; he was quite sure of it. Indeed, she told him so, without opening her lips—the language of the woodlands learnt from the prehistoric ancestors of both passed between them.

Christine and Napoleon found themselves outside Wellington Barracks. They stood and looked at one another and presently a man joined them.

Christine started, she did not see him until he spoke.

"Guilty conscience," Captain Bradley laughed. "You're looking very fierce this morning, Miss Bodeley."

"I'm feeling fierce," she admitted, "and I hate being startled."

The dog greeted Captain Bradley enthusiastically; he seemed to recognise strength which might be of use to his mistress. Captain Bradley walked to Hyde Park Corner with Miss Bodeley; she was not communicative, for she was tempted by a desperate scheme, she took Captain Bradley into her confidence. He was an average man, perhaps not quite so ordinary as his brother officers in the Horse Guards, but Christine had always realised his strength. She placed him in her catalogue of men and women under the heading of Productive Man—a man who might more often find himself a woman's brother than a woman's lover.

"Will you come to the police-station and bail a man out for me?"

Bradley laughed, until he looked again at Miss Bodeley, then his own face grew serious. "How much in earnest are you?"

"I've never been so in earnest before. I'll tell you exactly what's happened." She did. "I know it's useless to appeal to father; to-day, at any rate. You know what he is, don't you; there are only two colours in the world for him—black and white. Then I've just been to see Mr. Dawson, the vicar; that was stupid of me."

Bradley nodded. "You see his business is religion. I know this fellow Ferguson, or rather I met him once, in some little gallery in Bond Street Lady Stokes insisted on taking me to—an exhibition of drawings and paintings, I think. I bought a sketch. I'll bail him out certainly. I must confess he seems rather to have put his foot in it; looks awfully like perjury or something."

"Is that serious?"

"Well, you know, if a man gets up even in a police-court and swears to something he knows isn't true, it is rather, isn't it?"

Miss Bodeley nodded, and put Napoleon on the leash. "Yes; that's what he did. I think he must have done it to save that girl. She was only a child, you see," she added quickly.

Captain Bradley called a cab. "Well, let's go and see what we can do; and then, as a reward, perhaps you'll come and have lunch with me at Prince's!"

Christine sighed and shook her head. "I should love to, but mother would have a fit; think I had rescued Mr. Ferguson and eloped with him. Isn't it extraordinary, Captain Bradley, that friendship, even friendly feeling for any man between eighteen and ninety-eight, is strictly forbidden a woman? I haven't fallen in love yet, but to judge from the way I've been brought up, I've been led to believe that my sex are capable of doing nothing else until they're safely married."

If you are inexperienced there is no excuse for remaining so. "DO IT NOW" is as good as five years' business training.

"I know," Captain Bradley said sympathetically; "it's an awfully rotten world, isn't it? Yet I can't help enjoying it. Of course, if I'd been born a woman I should have——"

"What?"

"I am afraid I should have kicked over the traces directly I was put in harness."

The cab stopped and Bradley jumped out. "You had better remain there, I may be a long time, so if you think you'd rather not, you needn't wait."

Christine insisted on waiting. She tried to persuade Captain Bradley to allow her to enter with him, but he absolutely refused.

"Perhaps you've never heard of reporters, but I have. I expect you've never seen a magistrate, I was fined seven-and-six by one once. If the chap on the bench is a decent fellow I shall be free very quickly."

But it seemed to the Honourable Miss Bodeley, waiting alone in the cab with Napoleon, that her champion was a long time.

When he did reappear, he was smiling hugely.

"He was not a decent chap, but I got my way all right. I'm afraid Ferguson will have to stop in durance vile for a few hours longer; but I'll send my lawyer down this afternoon with—with the bail, you know, then he'll be free."

Christine no longer felt rebellious. Nor did she feel courageous any longer. Nevertheless she felt very like defying her parents and middle-class conventions by lunching with Captain Bradley. She resisted the temptation and allowed Captain Bradley to drive her home.

Ferguson was free. He could continue to paint his pictures—if not of herself—to look after the child-woman he had rescued from the gutters. But she was not satisfied, for she realised as the gong rang for luncheon that she was now in debt, and not as free as she had been two hours ago.

She was in debt to Captain Bradley—and to what extent she dared not think. She tried to shake off the feeling that in a sense she was in prison; she accused herself of being conventional; but the feeling remained. Moreover, she told herself that in her case only her mother could go bail for her.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.
The Meeting of Art and War.

There was no doubt that, under the circumstances, the amount of bail demanded by the magistrate was excessive. But Bradley realised that argument with ignorance was productive of no good, though he knew that, had Ferguson been arrested for nearly kicking his wife to death, he would have been fined half-a-crown and dismissed with a caution.

As soon as the business was over and Ferguson at liberty, Bradley tried to make his escape. But the artist, in spite of the lawyer, who, acting on instructions, tried to mislead him, discovered Captain Bradley and demanded an explanation.

Needless to say, Bradley was anything but a diplomatist. He thought of half a dozen lies, but rightly dismissed them as childish, and unlikely to deceive Jim, the artist.

"I merely acted on instructions," Bradley said guardedly. Ferguson had followed him through the Green Park to Pall Mall, and together they entered the former's club.

Ferguson hesitated on the threshold, already the newspapers might have made him a famous or infamous character, and though his unknown friend might be willing to bail him out from prison, it was quite possible he would not care to invite him into his club.

But Bradley looked at the artist with frank disgust when he read these thoughts. He led him into a quiet corner of the smoking-room, pulled forward a couple of chairs, and ordered drinks and cigars.

"Perhaps you're hungry, though. They don't starve you, do they, when they lock you up?"

Ferguson laughed. "Oh, no; but there's nothing in the world you can offer me better than a whisky and a cigar."

As he spoke he remembered Jim Dempster's last request before he gave himself up; but though at the time he sympathised, he only fully understood now. To be in prison, even on remand, seemed to give one a most extraordinary desire to smoke and drink. Ferguson made no further attempt to cross-examine his deliverer until he had emptied his glass and his cigar was under way.

"Now you must really tell me, please, what prompted you to generously interest yourself in a perfect stranger. I hope you don't think it ungracious of me to worry you for an explanation, but I don't see how I can possibly accept——"

Bradley laughed pleasantly. "I don't think you can possibly refuse. If you returned to the police-station they would refuse to take you in now. You'd have to smash a shop window, or knock a constable down; but that's an awfully cheap way of drawing attention to one's wrongs, isn't it?"

Ferguson lay back in his chair and blew a thin cloud of smoke between his lips. "I think I've never met you before, have I?"

Bradley smothered a yawn. "Oh, I met you once long ago, you won't remember. You were exhibiting a few pictures and sketches in a gallery off Bond Street. I really don't know how I got there, because I don't know anything about art; but I saw a little sketch, a rough impression of that girl who used to dance at the Alhambra, a beautiful dark creature; they've never had anyone like her since. What on earth was her name?"

"Casaboni. In The Red Shoes?"

"Yes, that's it. But when I saw you making a fool of yourself over this Rockfeller Building case, I thought I'd go down and see what it was all about. I've always felt jolly grateful to you for that picture."

Ferguson was still puzzled. "But you bought it?"

"For a guinea—and I could sell it for ten."

"Shillings?" Ferguson laughed. "I doubt if Courthorpe would give me that for it. . . . Still that doesn't explain——"

"Good Heavens, Mr. Ferguson," Bradley interrupted. "Can't a fellow take an interest in a man he's met once, who's a great friend of other friends of his, and all that, without being cross-examined as to the why and wherefore? I should never have thought of you, frankly, if someone else hadn't jogged my memory. The other fellows don't want their names known, that's all."

"Other fellows? I hate puzzles."

"I'm sorry I can't tell you their names, and if I were you I shouldn't try to find out."

Ferguson shook his head. "The worst of it is, all the men I know are so confoundedly hard up." He rose: "Anyway, just thanks. Perhaps you'll tell them how I feel about it."

But the soldier was not anxious to let the artist go. He insisted on his dining with him at the club, and he took the trouble to order dinner himself. Captain Bradley was a gourmet. As a soldier should, he could cheerfully live on bread and cheese; but, when he dined, then feeding became something more than the stoking of the human body. Ferguson felt a better and a wiser man when the coffee, cigars, and some very old brandy arrived. Mentally and physically he expanded, so did Bradley.

As is sometimes the case with men whose work in the world lies at the extreme poles of thought, they, under the mellow influence of the ancient juice of the grape and fine leaves of the tobacco plant, made an unconscious exchange. The soul of the soldier entered into the artist, that of the artist into the soldier. The blue clouds of sweet-scented tobacco smoke, trembling as it curled upwards before their eyes, conjured strange pictures and stirred forgotten dreams from their hiding places.

Ferguson talked of war—the delirious joy of clashing steel and the wonderful thunder of great guns; he heard resounding in his ears the thud and rattle of horses' hoofs as they charged, the shouts of the conqueror and the conquered. The dreamer felt the blood of the destroyer leap warm in his veins; to him was vouchsafed for one brief hour the knowledge of how from death and destruction young vigorous life springs. He saw the great glory of war and the great good; the battlefield with all its horrors became transformed into a great garden planted with young, ardent souls, the ground manured with the hearts of heroes from which hearty, beautiful flowers of a new nation would spring to life.

And the soldier who trafficked in blood, who chafed at the dull inactivity of peace, which made its warriors soft and lazy and sapped the nation of its strength and vitality; he, for some odd moments, felt the fascination of the artist who destroyed and rebuilt, not with the sword and the gun, but with the brush and the canvas. The dreamer of dreams for whom there is still no place in England, but who flings ideals and mighty thoughts on to his canvas with his colours, awoke the envy of the soldier. He realised the joy of the man and his importance in the scheme of life, who, with his chisel, attacked a shapeless lump of marble and hewed it into a living book wherein all men might read God.

Like two famous men who, it is reported, once sat through the night with their pipes and glasses without speaking half a dozen words, so Ferguson and Bradley smoked silently, exchanging thoughts and ideas, though few words passed their lips.

When about eleven o'clock Ferguson rose to go, Bradley still detained him. "There's no hurry, and we're just beginning to know one another. If I'm inquisitive just tell me to shut up; but I would awfully like to know, if you'll forgive me putting it bluntly, why you made such an ass of yourself over those two children."

Ferguson raised his eyebrows, and after some consideration shook his head: "I'm sure I don't know. I suppose I've made a fool of myself, but you see I didn't know what really happened on the night the woman was killed. I had heard one or two versions, and when I saw this chap Dempster and he told me he was going to give himself up and tell them he was responsible, I thought the best thing I could do was to bear out his story. He's a wastrel, you know, and isn't much good, though that's not his fault. But the boy may be some good if he's given a chance."

"And the girl, how did you first meet her?"

Ferguson explained: "I thought she would make rather a good picture you know; background—muddy streets of Soho, organ-grinder, and so on. I was stopped just as I started to work on her. I suddenly got an unexpected commission, one to be done in a hurry, of course—to paint Lady Bodeley's daughter."

Bradley nodded: "Oh, yes; nice girl."

"You know her?"

"Yes—I know the Bodeleys as one knows lots of people in town; a little bit better perhaps. Lord Bodeley is a queer fish—clever chap, but rather a bore. The daughter's not like either of her parents. But she's the only girl I've met, in London at any rate, with original ideas; the only girl who's thought for herself and apparently means to act for herself. Women are turned out nowadays as we turn out our furniture and furnish our houses, don't you think so?"

Ferguson shook his head. "I can't express an opinion, I see so few of them. My women, the ones I run against in my business, they are all interesting and generally original. Great Scott! The histories I've met! *Our* women don't furnish their minds on the hire system."

"I'll come round and see you, then, if you'll introduce me to some."

"Good, I'll introduce you to Maggie. You bought my picture of Casaboni—you're right, she's a wonderful dancer. I believe this child would be equally wonderful if she got the chance. I promised to try and get her on somewhere. That reminds me, instead of dining with you I ought to be hunting for her."

Bradley asked her age, and Ferguson told him. "A child," he said carelessly.

"No, a woman. There are lots of women at eleven years old in the gutter."

Ferguson before leaving made one more attempt to discover the names of his unknown friends, and one more attempt to thank Captain Bradley. Both were frustrated. He walked to Westminster through St. James's Park; the asthmatical clock at St. James's Palace chimed midnight when he reached the bridge spanning the lake. Only a thin mist hovered over the water and above the leafless trees.

On one side the lamps in the long drive burnt red through the haze, and Buckingham Palace stood a mysterious blur against the black sky.

On the left the towers of the War Office and Scotland Yard were more clearly defined. The mist and the darkness gave them dignity, almost grandeur; they might almost have been the towers of a fairy palace as they peeped above the trees on the island in the lake.

On either side of the waters a tangle of bare, black branches, and here and there beneath the bridge a few ducks and wildfowl paddle silently—blots of indistinguishable colour.

Silence almost held away here, for London sang its song softly from a distance; the roar of traffic and the jangle of cab bells was subdued. Few people passed across the little bridge, and those who did had no eyes for the wonders of the night. They hurried because it was dark and cold; they were anxious to reach the streets again and the glare of artificial lights and the ceaseless tread of human feet. Even the comparative peace and silence of the little park were not for them—artificial children of an artificial age, prisoners to an artificial form of existence.

Ferguson dallied a long time on the bridge grateful for the darkness. He was trying to solve the problem of his unexpected release and the interest a man, practically unknown to him, had taken in his case. The more he considered it, the more difficult the solution seemed.

The studio looked cold and cheerless when he entered, though when he lit the lamp his household gods welcomed him. He pinned a note outside the door informing Mrs. Jones of the return of the prodigal, and requesting an early breakfast. He had almost hoped that he might find Maggie; but all he found was a handkerchief lying on the throne, a ridiculous little cambric thing, bearing the initials C.B.

He folded it up and put it in his pocket, and then, sitting down, wrote to Lady Bodeley, informing her he was quite ready to continue with her daughter's portrait; again apologising for the interruption and the delay it had occasioned.

(Another long instalment next week.)

MILD MYSTERIES.

An Army surgeon recently visited the site of a proposed camping-ground in order to report upon its sanitary fitness for occupation during manœuvres. He was in such a hurry, however, that he forgot to procure a sample of the water, but after his return to his quarters he sent a sergeant of the Medical Corps to obtain it for him.

This sergeant was provided with a pair of regulation bottles which he was ordered to fill from the stream running through the ground. The sergeant was weary with the journey, and, calling at an inn, filled his bottles with beer.

Eventually yielding to the attractions which came in his way, he arrived no nearer to the ground than a convenient public-house where he passed the night. Next morning he did not trouble to rinse out the dregs of the beer, but filled the bottles from a jug in the bedroom. This is why the analyst at Netley Hospital is puzzling over the water.

Some time ago a citizen of Glarus, in Switzerland, died shortly before the expected birth of a child. In his will he directed that his property should be shared between the wife and the child. If a boy, the child should get six parts and the mother four parts of the property; if a girl, they should divide equally.

The directions are very explicit, but the difficulty has arisen from the fact that the lady has been blessed with twins, a boy and a girl, and nobody knows what to do.

Lady Visitor: "That new girl of yours seems very nice and quiet."

Mistress of the House: "Yes, she's very quiet. She doesn't even disturb the dust when she's cleaning the room."

SOAP FROM BANANA SKINS.

In the South of Norway farmers are now making a far better living by gathering seaweed than from their farming operations. This seaweed is dried and burned, and from the resulting ashes which are sold to manufacturing chemists, iodine, a valuable medicine, is obtained.

Horsehair combings are valuable, being worth 1s. per pound. After being cleaned and graded the hair is used for upholstery.

The innocent banana skin, which is the subject of a very stringent bye-law lately, has its uses also. It is rich in alkali and in the West Coast of Africa the skins are hoarded, dried, and afterwards burnt to ashes. This ash mixed with water and palm oil goes to make a soap ball which is seen on every village market stall.

If you were told that you had combed your hair with an old boot, or buttoned your dress with an old pair of slippers, you might resent such a statement.

It is quite possible, however. Old shoes are cut up by machinery into small pieces and soaked for a few days in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather hard and brittle. It is then dried and ground to powder, after which it is mixed with some material of the nature of glue or gum, and compressed into the required shape for buttons, combs, knife-handles, and such things.

What is good enough for queens is good enough for you, so read the article entitled "Some Advice for Beauty's Types," contributed to the March ROYAL MAGAZINE by Jean Worth, of Paris, who dresses queens. On sale everywhere, price 4d.

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The purity, health, and freshness that Nubolic brings to the sickroom, it brings to kitchen, pantry, scullery, bedroom, and living-room also. Try Nubolic—prove for yourself that both as an all-round soap and as a health-safeguard Watson's Nubolic is the cheapest, surest, and most useful ever manufactured.

Packed in 16 ounce tablets, 3½d.; 12 ounce tablets, 3d.; 8 ounce tablets, 2d., and sold by Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores everywhere.

Joseph Watson & Sons Ltd., Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds

NUBOLIC SOAP

Full Result of First Limerick appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" January 16th, 1908.

WINNER of 1st PRIZE—£5 a WEEK for LIFE: Rev. S. Corrish Watkins, The Vicarage, Staunton-on-Arrow.
WINNER of 2nd PRIZE—£2 a WEEK for LIFE: Fleet-Surgeon R. H. Nicholson, R.N., 14 The Parade, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth.
WINNER of 3rd PRIZE—£1 a WEEK for LIFE: Miss Winnie Taylor, Hutton Street, Germiston, Transvaal.

SECOND LIMERICK

GIVEN BY

THE STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENT CORPORATION LTD.,

No matter how small the number of entries received the prizes will be paid in full.

£600 GUARANTEED.

No matter how small the number of entries received the prizes will be paid in full.

FIRST PRIZE - £200

Second Prize £100, Third Prize £75, Fourth Prize £25,

And 200 CONSOLATION PRIZES of £1 each,

to be awarded by the same independent judges with the same impartiality and the same strict adherence to every rule of fairness and justice for each competitor as characterised their previous Limerick, every line being read and carefully considered.

To guarantee the payment of the above Prizes, the total amount—namely, £600 in Cash—has been lodged by the Stock Exchange Investment Corporation Limited with

SIR H. G. REID, LL.D., J.P., Chairman of Judges' Committee, CHARLES W. GREY, M.A., Vice-Chairman.

The above Prizes will be given to the Competitors who, according to the decision of the Judges, fill in the last line of the Limerick in the best way. No matter how small the number of entries received, the prizes will be paid in full.

THE COMPETITION WILL CLOSE ON MARCH 10, and the names of prize-winners will be advertised in the London Dailies on April 2.

Common sense is all that is required to fill in the line, and the uneducated person is just as likely to succeed as the University Scholar, since all stand an equal chance of winning these Prizes. Therefore you should not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, the first thought being frequently the best, and immediately that you think of a suitable line, send it in to the address given below.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to fill up, cut out, and forward the Coupon opposite, together with an order for the new Handbook, "Success," 1908 Edition, and a P.O. for 1s., payable to the Stock Exchange Investment Corporation Limited, 8 Union Court, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., crossed "and Co." The word "Limerick" must be written on the top of the left-hand corner of the envelope.

Competitors, in addition to trying their skill, will also, by means of this useful book, have one of the best opportunities of obtaining a regular weekly income by the simple method explained therein, which has enabled hundreds of our clients to make large profits, one of whom quite recently received a profit of nearly £100 within fourteen days. This is one of the simplest written books of the day, and, avoiding all technical terms, points out in the plainest way to the reader an assured method of making money.

No member of the firm or employes will be allowed to compete. Any number of solutions may be sent, written on plain paper, and accompanied by either separate P.O.'s or one for the whole amount. It is particularly desired that all solutions be sent in as early as possible, owing to the enormous amount of work entailed.

Here is a list of rhyming words which will help competitors:—Display, dismay, array, gainsay, bray, dray, tray, clay, fray, gay, flay, jay, hay, slay, lay, stay, may, stray, nay, pay, sway, affray, allay, play, ray, say, way, array, pray, spray, astray, delay, defray, decay, away, belay, betray, inveigh, weigh, relay, nay.

COUPON.

THE LIMERICK.

All want to make money, they say,
And find a good "tip" that will pay.
If so, let them go
To the firm "in the know."

.....

I enclose 1s. for your Handbook, "Success," 1908 Edition. I agree to abide by your published decision, and to accept it as final, and I enter only on that understanding.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

P.W. 27/2/08.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENT CORPORATION LTD., 8 Union Court, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

300 Guineas

LIPTONS

offer the following prizes to those who send in the largest number of wrappers taken from packets of LIPTONS Tea. The wrappers may be from ¼-lb., ½-lb., or 1-lb. packets. The ¼-lb. wrapper will count one, ½-lb. wrapper will count two, and 1-lb. wrapper will count four.

1ST *Prize,* 100 *Guineas*

2ND *Prize,* 50 *Guineas*

100 PRIZES, ONE GUINEA EACH

will be awarded to the competitors sending in the largest number of LIPTON Tea wrappers on **April 14th next.** The awards will be announced and cheques sent to the successful competitors on **May 14th** and the judge's decision must be accepted as final.

To small consumers who think themselves unable to save a sufficiently large number of wrappers to win one of the above prizes

A SPECIAL PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS

will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the largest number of LIPTON wrappers collected from friends and acquaintances, with the names and addresses of the people from whom these wrappers have been obtained. If you think you cannot obtain a number of LIPTON wrappers large enough to win the First Prize, compete for this SPECIAL PRIZE. Ask a friend to buy a packet of Liptons Tea and give you the wrapper. The names and addresses must be written on sheets of foolscap in the handwriting of the people from whom the wrappers are obtained, and the number of wrappers enclosed must be written clearly on top left-hand corner of the first sheet.

Please observe carefully the following simple conditions:

1. On April 14th send your wrappers, in one parcel, to LIPTONS Wrapper Competition, 35 Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.

2. Name and address, and number of wrappers sent must be clearly written on paper, and enclosed in the parcel.

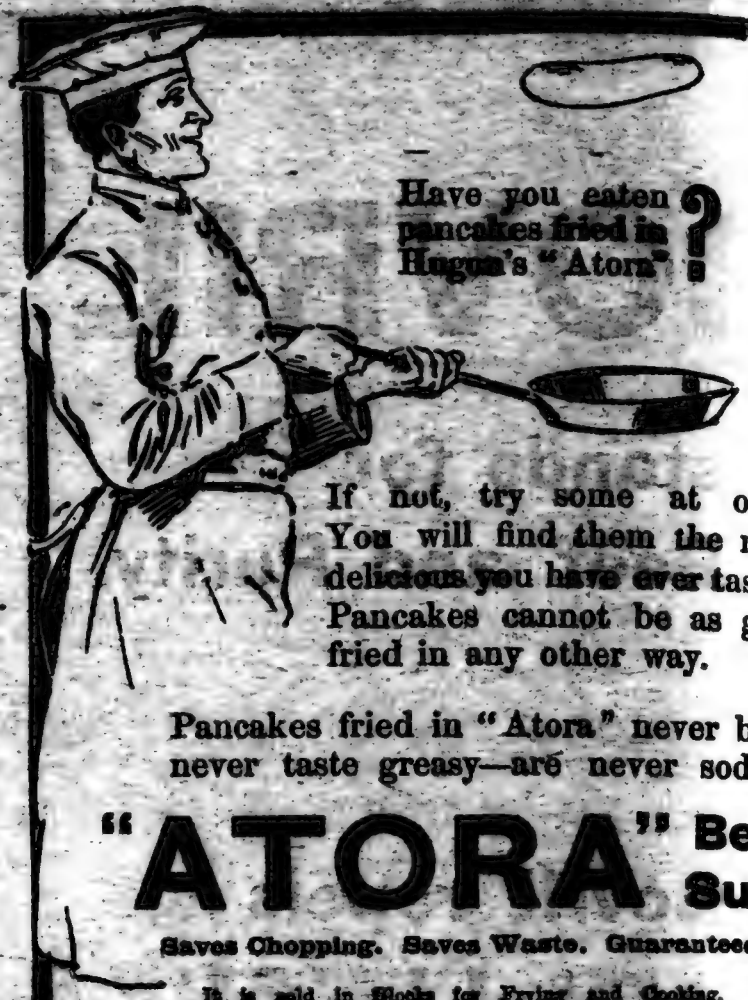
3. Wrappers intended for the special prize must have the words "Special Prize" written in the left-hand top corner of the parcel, and names and addresses of the people from whom wrappers have been obtained—written by themselves on sheets of foolscap provided by the competitor—must be enclosed in same parcel.

LIPTONS,

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE

CITY ROAD, LONDON.

25,000 Branches and Agents all over the Globe.



Have you eaten pancakes fried in Hugon's "Atora"?

If not, try some at once. You will find them the most delicious you have ever tasted. Pancakes cannot be as good fried in any other way.

Pancakes fried in "Atora" never burn, never taste greasy—are never sodden.

"ATORA" Beef Suet.

Saves Chopping. Saves Waste. Guaranteed Pure.

It is sold in Blocks for Frying and Cooking. For Puddings and Pastry use Shredded "Atora" Beef Suet, which is sold ready to mix with the flour.

Of all Grocers, &c., 9½d. per lb.; 5d. per ½lb.

HUGON & Co. Ltd., Pendleton, Manchester.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT

Thousands of sufferers have been

CURED BY

using Genoform tablets.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

Genoform stops all pain, and cures as nothing else will. You can be sure of relief almost immediately, and need not suffer a day longer.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER, the famous Author, writes:

14 West Kensington Mansions, London, W., February 3rd, 1908.

I have been a martyr to Rheumatism in my right arm and shoulder for nearly two years. When I heard of Genoform I was literally worn out for want of continuous sleep. After taking nine tablets the pain was relieved and now, after three weeks' treatment, I am free from pain, sleep like a top, and feel a new creature.

I want every sufferer from Rheumatism and kindred complaints to know what Genoform has done for me.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Genoform will prove a blessing in

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA & NEURALGIA.

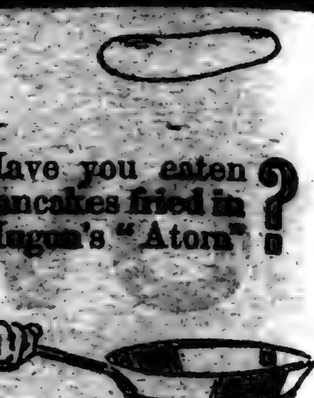
Genoform Tablets are absolutely harmless, easy to take, and are packed in tubes which can be carried in the pocket. Of all Chemists, and of Boots, Cash Chemists, all Branches, or post free, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 3d., from Sole Agents,

E. J. REID & CO., 178 Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

Proprietor, Fritz Schulz, Leipzig.

GENOFORM

...ENT. WEEK ENDING FEB. 27, 1908.



Have you eaten Pancakes fried in ...ugon's "Atora" ?

...ot, try some at once. ...will find them the most ...ous you have ever tasted. ...akes cannot be as good ...in any other way.

...in "Atora" never burn, ...easy—are never sodden.

...ORA" Beef Suet.

...aves Waste. Guaranteed Pure.

...s for Frying and Cooking. ...try use Shredded "Atora" ...ready to mix with the flour. ...., 9½d. per lb.; 8d. per lb.

...d., Pendleton, Manchester.

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...sufferers have been ...ED BY

...M AND GOUT.

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...FORM

ON THE RACK.

By Our Own Inquisitor.

VII.—Mr. CECIL RALEIGH, the well-known dramatist.

Give you an outline of my career? Certainly. I was brought up in the racing world, my father, Dr. J. F. Rowlands, being one of the first of the gentlemen-trainers, of whom Captain Machell was the best-known example.

After my father's death, which took place whilst I was still a youngster, I tried to carry on the stable, but without success, and drifted on to the stage, playing in various companies, becoming acting-manager, then secretary to a School of Dramatic Art. Next I embarked on journalism, as dramatic critic of Vanity Fair.

Soon after leaving the Royalty Theatre for the second time a chance-meeting with Mr. R. C. Carton led to our writing *The Great Pink Pearl* together, which, refused in the first instance by practically every manager in London, we produced at a *matinée* and sold the same afternoon on very favourable terms.

Following this, I wrote two more plays with Mr. Carton, seven with Mr. George R. Sims, and then began my connection with Drury Lane with *The Derby Winner*, written in collaboration with my friend, Mr. Henry Hamilton.

WHAT THE VILLAINESS SAYS.

Our methods of collaboration? H'm, it is not altogether easy to say where the one begins and the other leaves off. I remember, in bringing us together, Sir Augustus Harris told me that I could devise and write humorous scenes, but was no good at the pathos which was Hamilton's strong suit. Broadly speaking, I should say that my friend Hamilton is responsible for the literary form of our dramas, whilst I am concerned mainly with their stage-craft. A little example will best explain my meaning.

In *The Derby Winner*, Hamilton, in the original MSS., made the "villainess" say, "I met Lady Desborough on the moor just now, and she passed me with the merest inclination of her head." When I read this, I said, "No, no, Harry, she doesn't say anything of the kind. What she says is, "I met Lady Desborough on the moor just now, and, d—n her, she cut me dead." The one was literature, the other—drama.

I do most of my work, and certainly my best work, in the morning. I am a great believer in the virtues of exercise, and practically every morning finds me cycling round Regent's Park long before most people are out of bed, and thus I come to my work fresh, clear-headed, and invigorated. Usually, I work for from two to three hours before lunch, often putting in a second spell from five to seven o'clock or so. But I seldom, if ever, write for more than three hours at a stretch. Every dramatist I know agrees with me that this is the longest period during which you can do good work. Of course, you can go on writing all day, but your stuff will be ginger beer.

As to methods in general, I rely greatly on notebooks, in which I am always jotting down ideas for scenes and situations.

DEAD MEN WHO FLED.

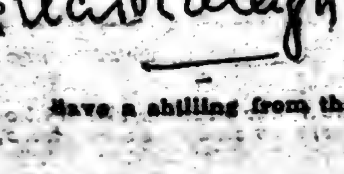
One of the funniest scenes I ever saw on the stage happened during the run of *Cheer Boys Cheer*. In the play a troop of cavalry arrived just in time to save the hero, Mr. Henry Neville, and to prevent the bodies of the slain from being mutilated by the enemy.

After a few nights, Harris decided that there were not enough horses on the stage in this scene, and, to fill up the picture, he introduced several polo ponies at the back. One night one of these ponies took fright, and bolted madly towards the orchestra.

It didn't stop to pick its way, and trod impartially on the corpses of friend and foe. Heavens, what a scene! The dead men trodden on sprang into the air, and then curled up in attitudes suggestive of fried whiting.

The others rose *en masse* and fled from the horrid scene, and the intrepid Henry Neville was left almost like the last rose of summer feebly wagging his sword at the rampaging pony, and imploring someone to catch the little brute.

Another very funny scene happened in the diving scene in *The White Heather*. When the second diver was being lowered to the ocean bed his helmet by some mischance became detached from his head and remained suspended in the water whilst he sank to the floor. The diver was a cool hand, so he just waited until the helmet was lowered, clapped it on again, and went on with the scene. That's all. But the really funny part is that there was not so much as a titter in the whole vast audience, though I had to rush outside and laugh myself nearly ill.



WEATHER PROPHETS IN POTS.

Foretelling the Atmosphere for 3,000 Miles.

In the future a common tropical plant is to play an important part in forecasting our weather. This wonderful plant will tell us whether we may expect fine or dull weather, predict fogs, thunderstorms, storms at sea, and also warn us of forthcoming earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and so on.

Indeed, 1,896 of these weather-predicting plants are now to be seen in a specially-erected greenhouse in a private garden of a house in Denmark Hill, where Professor J. F. Nowack, an Austrian baron and scientist, has made arrangements for opening the first weather-plant observatory. It is known as the Nowack Institute, and its object is to issue weather charts and weather forecasts, which will be prepared from a study of the wonderful plants in the greenhouse in conjunction with other meteorological data.

The plant in question is the Abrus, and is to be found growing wild in various tropical countries, such as Cuba, Jamaica, and India. It was some nineteen years ago that Professor Nowack first drew public attention to the wonderful susceptibilities of the Abrus, namely, at the Vienna Jubilee Exhibition, where he exhibited a number of plants and made weather forecasts forty-eight hours in advance, not only for the whole day, but for special hours of the day.

The King, who was then Prince of Wales, happened to be in Vienna at the time, and the weather-plant prophet had the pleasure of informing His Majesty that on a certain evening, which had been set apart for a grand garden party, there would be a violent thunderstorm, which prediction came true.

On another occasion the Professor notified the Sultan of Turkey that there would be an earthquake in his kingdom. He gave him the place, day, and time, a forecast that was verified to the letter. Indeed, Professor Nowack can claim to have foretold all the great natural disturbances that have shaken the earth during recent times, including the catastrophies of Kingston, San Francisco, and Martinque.

To give an accurate forecast, a weather-plant, as the Abrus is appropriately called, should possess from 150 to 200 leaves. None of the latter in the observatory contain more than from fifty to sixty leaves. They are all young, and have been grown from seeds.

The cost of getting the plants together has been a very heavy one. At the beginning of last year Professor Nowack visited Cuba and Mexico, his object being to collect a sufficient number of weather-plants to open an observatory. In Cuba, after great hardships, his people collected 2,400 plants. In Mexico, after extensive journeys over the great lava fields where the little band of scientists met with many adventures, they found not a single specimen of the much-coveted plant.

One thousand four hundred of the plants gathered in Cuba were shipped to England, and the remaining 1,000 to New York, as it is the intention of the promoter of the scheme to open a station there before long. Despite the fact that every care and attention was given to the 1,400 plants on their arrival at Denmark Hill, only one is now alive. If the plants themselves have not thrived the seeds brought home by the party have struck, and at the present time there are now some 1,896 weather-plants at this unique observatory.

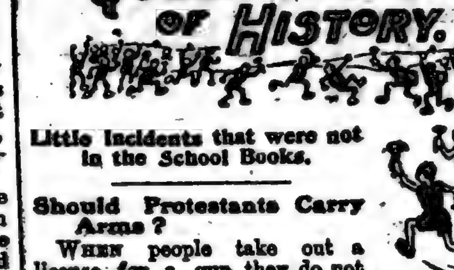
The greenhouse in which the plants are housed is divided into three compartments, each measuring 30ft. by 18ft. They are used for distinct purposes. The first is reserved for the exclusive observation of the movements of the plants, and here we find the Abrus inclosed in four panes of glass. The second compartment serves as a preparatory depôt before the plants are admitted to No. 1 compartment; while the third is the nursery for those in embryo. Special stoves keep the plants in a continuous tropical atmosphere.

So far as the plants themselves are concerned, there is nothing particularly interesting or fascinating about them. In general appearance they resemble a common maidenhair fern, but if one watches the plants closely for any length of time their wonderful susceptibility to atmospheric changes is apparent.

The plants are "read" in conjunction with sun spots. For instance, immediately a spot sufficiently large to influence our earth appears on the surface of the sun, the twigs directed towards the district affected perform more or less rapid upward or downward movements. From the rapidity and extent of such movements, the direction in which the twigs point, as also their variation of colour, can at once be determined the nature, force, and geographical position of the disturbance that will affect our earth about twenty-six days later, *i.e.*, when the sun spot completes its first rotation round the sun.

Professor Nowack declares that from this London station he will be able to issue weather charts several days in advance for a radius of 3,000 miles, thus covering the whole of Europe, North Africa, and the North Atlantic ocean. The fact that Lloyd's and several Continental Governments have offered to purchase the system for exclusive control would certainly indicate that it is practicable.

QUEER FACTS OF HISTORY.



Little Incidents that were not in the School Books.

Should Protestants Carry Arms?

When people take out a license for a gun they do not think that they are paying a tax which has been illegal since 1688. This license, for which we pay 10s. 6d., is a great contravention of nothing less than the Bill of Rights, which is one of the most important Acts on British liberty ever passed.

There have been great changes in the laws of this country since this was passed by the Houses of Lords and Commons in 1688. But one thing in this Bill that has never been altered or changed is the following sentence: "That the subjects which are Protestants may have arms for their defence suitable to their conditions."

By this sentence never having been altered every Protestant has a perfect right to carry arms without having a license, but at the same time it is doubtful if he could keep beyond the clutches of the law.

Queen of England as a Kitchen-maid.

In the history of England we find that at least one of our Queens was once a domestic servant. This was no other than Queen Anne, the younger daughter of Warwick the King-maker, who after being betrothed to Prince Edward, son of Henry VI., became the wife of Richard III., Prince Edward being killed in the battle of Tewkesbury.

The chronicler of Croyland says, "The Duke of Gloucester discovered the maiden in a situation as kitchen girl in London," the Duke of Clarence, Gloucester's brother, having thus tried to conceal her after the battle of Tewkesbury. Gloucester, after finding her, the chronicler goes on to say, "caused her to be placed in the Sanctuary of St. Martin's."

After placing her there the Duke honourably sought the King's assent to marry her, which he did in 1472. On June 26th, eleven years later, they were proclaimed King and Queen of England.

A War that has Never Ended.

Has England for nearly a hundred years past been at war with America? You may laugh, but technically this is so; for the futile State War, which existed between the two countries during the years 1812 to 1814 has never been brought to a formal conclusion by either party suing for or granting peace.

The whole war arose from a mistake; neither side had a real quarrel with the other. Napoleon was at the bottom of the whole trouble. By his so-called Continental System he endeavoured to cripple British trade by closing the ports of the Continent to English ships and produce. To this the British Government's reply were the "Orders in Council," by which they claimed (*inter alia*), the right to search all vessels on the high seas.

America protested, and there was an intention to rectify the orders, as far as American ships were concerned, but at the moment the predominant party in the States was headstrong, and, before diplomacy could smooth over the trouble, war broke out.

After an invasion of Canada and the British destruction of Washington, the downfall of Napoleon ended the apparent difficulty. The treaty of Ghent signed in December, 1814, was so worded as to scarcely refer to the struggle or its origin, and, indeed, the fighting actually continued for nearly a month, and then, without any formality, the combatants withdrew. Thus diplomatically the two nations may be said to be still at war.

A Spider Saves a King's Life.

Strong men are proverbial in having many enemies, and that strongest, most masterful of monarchs, Frederick the Great, was no exception to the rule.

On one occasion he was saved from death in a most extraordinary manner. It was at the time when he was a veritable firebrand in Europe, with the French, Austrians, and Elizabeth of Russia leagued against him.

In his palace at Sans Souci, the present Potsdam, he had dined one evening, and a cup of chocolate, his usual drink, was brought him. The king was about to drink when a spider, lowering itself from the ceiling, flopped right into the cup. The king, somewhat annoyed, placed the cup on the floor and called for another.

His deerhound, lying at his feet, seeing the cup, made for it and drank. Within a few minutes the animal staggered and fell in a fit, dying almost before the fresh chocolate had been brought. The drink had been poisoned by a treacherous servant, and in this miraculous way the king's life was saved. A large golden spider adorns the ceiling of one of the rooms in the Winter Palace at Potsdam, in memory of this event.

Save a shilling from this week's salary, and buy "DO IT NOW." You will never regret it.

SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

The future is the past entered by a different gate.

"You look positively beautiful, Nan. What's happened?" Peggy Marling stirred her coffee and studied the girl with a critical intentness. "There's a new look in your face, a reticence in your eyes. Why, how she blushes! I have it." Miss Marling put down her cup emphatically. "You've been kissed by a man, my dear, and, you blessed Puritan, I believe it's the first time." She leant across the table. "Oh, do tell me," she said coaxingly; "it's such a long time since I had the experience—the really wonderful experience of a first kiss."

"You don't mean to say——" Nan gazed at the slight figure in the blue kimono. "Oh, Peggy, have you kissed *more* than one?"

"My dear child, what a question! Are not kisses delightful, and am I not an epicure in the good things of life? There are very few men, *really* nice men, among my friends I haven't kissed." She made the confession shamelessly, perching herself on the table, her small feet in absurd slippers, her brown hair piled high on her head.

Nan turned a fine shade of scarlet.

"I don't believe you," she said rudely. "At least—Oh, Peggy, are there *no* exceptions?"

The girl shook her head.

"Very, very few," she answered mischievously. "You can't expect me to enter into details, my dear. It's a point of honour, you know, not to mention names. Still, if it's any comfort to you I'll tell you who are among the less favoured. Let us commence in alphabetical order. There's little Bartlett, he has the bad taste to be in love with that girl with the fuzzy hair who sings like an angel on the next floor. Travers—that's a long jump—is too much like a spook, there's no substance in him. Now Stuart——" she paused. "You silly Nan," she mocked; "as if I didn't guess. He's a dear fellow and I like him awfully as a friend, but I've never flirted with him the least bit. I fear it's the real thing with you old girl. You're not the sort to take love lightly like champagne—I suppose you're desperately fond of him?"

Nan's eyes drooped. "I'd give my life for him," she said, with a thrill in her voice. "I'd work for him, slave for him, walk over red hot plough shares for him, I——"

Peg interrupted her.

"How queer," she said softly, "how queer. Why, that's what Tony said he'd do for me. You've never seen Tony; he's a dear old ugly darling, who went away to a desert in South Africa because I wouldn't marry him. Was he a Puritan, I wonder? Go on, Nan, dear, it's delightful to watch your dear face. And Hedley, how does he take it? Somehow he doesn't strike me as a volcanic lover, though they do say——" she broke off, confused by Nan's wide eyes; "don't mind me, Nan, it's only gossip. I was a fool to let it slip. Well, then, if you must know—and if I don't tell you, Judith Chesney will—Hedley Stuart was engaged to Mrs. Le Patrol. I pointed her out to you that night we went to the Opera—a lovely face like a Madonna's. He was mad over the girl and lavished all sorts of presents on her. He'd been a friend of her father's, and was awfully good to the old man. To cut the story short, within two days of the wedding she eloped with Conrad Le Patrol, a good-looking fellow in a way; but not fit to black Stuart's boots. Hedley followed them to the Continent, and rumour says he would have shot the other like a dog, but providentially he was struck down with fever. It hit him hard, poor chap; but now he's found a grave-eyed Puritan to staunch the wound, he needs no pity. Oh, Nan, my dear old Nan, I am so glad. I want to kiss you and him too."

The story touched Nan profoundly. She was stirred to the depths of her strong nature with a sudden pity for the man, a flaming scorn for the girl who had jilted him. A touch of sadness—a woman's natural regret that she was not his first and only love—gave place to the longing to make him forget all he had suffered. How she would love him, how cherish his faith? Never would he have cause to doubt her.

With the passion for sacrifice that was her dominant instinct, she vowed on the altar of her passion, henceforth to dedicate all things to his happiness: her body, her soul, ay, and if he asked it, love itself she would forego. If he should ask it, she laughed in sheer delight at the impossibility of such a thing. She lived again the moment when on the wings of ecstasy she left this old grey world behind and found herself in Paradise. She flushed at the remembrance of his kiss, and pressed her lips upon her hands because he'd held them. The spirit of love dwelt in her soul aflame with a passion so pure, so bright that all alloy was purged away.

She left the studio radiant in a grey gown and a dainty hat, fashioned by Peggy's clever fingers after a model of cavalier days. She was eager to justify her lover's trust. His honour was in her hands. He must not tarnish his shield by the breath of a false friend. She must keep him from an alliance with this millionaire who ruled men like slaves.

She made her way to a back street off Tottenham Court Road, to Madame Tarbet's house wherein at one time Duke had lodged. Now that she was engaged to Stuart, Nan's fears for her brother were lessened. With Stuart's help the man who ruled him would be crushed, and Natt, poor Natt, saved. In the great joy that had come to her she forgot that a man of criminal traits is not a desirable brother-in-law, and that Natt might prove a fatal obstacle to her happiness.

Madame Tarbet was desolated that Mademoiselle should have had the trouble of a useless call. Mr. Smith had left her house. True, his letters were addressed there, but he himself had gone elsewhere.

Nan explained she was the sister of Mr. Smith, who had in his possession some family letters which she wanted for purposes of reference. Had Mr. Smith left any luggage, documents or papers?

There was, Madame assured her, none of her brother's property upon the premises, and in face of her polite protestations the girl was compelled to go unsatisfied away. She had, however, learnt that Natt called once or twice a week for his correspondence, between seven and eight in the evening, and that a letter was waiting for him even now. She decided to watch the house between the hours named and shadow Natt to his new domicile. There seemed no other step to take and she was contemplating the delightful notion of going to the restaurant where Stuart lunched, that she might feast her eyes on her beloved's face, when an ugly, a very ugly, vision of the past materialised before her. She had walked down Tottenham Court Road and was about to turn up New Oxford Street when outside the "Horseshoe" Marcus the money-lender met her face to face. He raised his hat and seemed about to speak.

She gave him a contemptuous look, then, with lips set, marched slowly on. She did not fear him now. His lies, his calumnies could touch her no longer. In the shelter of a good man's love she was secure from his malevolence.

"Miss Hallam," he was at her side with an ingratiating movement of his fat body. "Please listen to me. I've no desire to annoy you; I wish, indeed, to help you. Miss Hallam——" he put his hand on her arm; "you've got to listen," he said doggedly. "I want to speak to you about your brother."

She stopped abruptly, for her new-found carelessness of creatures such as he fell from her. The old sickening sense of apprehension clutched at her heart.

"What has happened?"

"Let us walk on and I'll tell you. Natt's making for trouble; you must get him out of it. Now don't say I'm not the sort of man to care what happens to other people so long as my own skin's safe, because I know that as well as you do. I am speaking to you because the trouble that threatens Natt threatens me. It's no question of philanthropy or any nonsense of that sort. I'm here to do business on a business footing. Natt is a young fool, he's let sentiment affect his judgment; he's besotted, that's a fact, and ready to ruin himself and me too for his infatuation. He's bound hand and foot to a man who even now is contemplating treachery to him and me. You know the nature of your brother's occupation?" He grinned sardonically. "Natt is a reformer, he effects a social reclamation of other people's goods. So do I, so does the man for whom he entertains this sickening sentiment. I see you take me—you were always a smart girl."

"What's the man's name?" she said slowly.

"Ah, that's more than I am prepared to tell you. Take it from me, however, that if Natt is not careful this precious leader will land him in gaol, which will make matters nasty for me."

"What can I do? Natt takes no notice of what I say. I've warned him against this very man in vain—if you won't tell me his name I am helpless."

"You've no suspicion?" he glanced at her narrowly.

"I know that the man who spoke over the telephone in your office, giving directions for Dorham to be killed, is the head and chief of all your villainies, and that Natt swears by him."

The Jew smiled suavely.

"You always were a smart girl," he repeated regretfully. "A thousand pities your morals are so sensitive. If you could identify the voice it would be valuable evidence, Miss Hallam, likely to weigh with a judge and jury."

"Do you suggest I should go to the police? You're playing a double game or you'd tell me who he is."

"I must protect myself. The person we're discussing is a nasty customer to tackle. If he knew I'd given him away, unpleasant things might happen. There's no need for me to tell you. You can find out for yourself if you go the right way about it. I'll tell you what to do later. For the moment I want you to realise this. When you've found your man and identified his voice, go straight to your employer, Hedley Stuart, the solicitor, and tell him what you have discovered. He'll ask no doubt for further proof—that proof, under conditions, I am prepared to give him. Proof, you understand, that this person not only instigated the murder of Dorham, but of others. Stuart, primed with the facts, will proceed to action, while Natt and myself, duly warned, will slip out of harm's way and try our luck in a foreign land."

"But if the matter of Dorham's murder comes up Natt's name will be mentioned? He—he——" she paused. "If Mr. Stuart knew Natt was sent to meet poor Dorham, he'd have to take steps to have him arrested."

"I tell you your brother will be out of the country by that time. As for arrest, if we don't nobble the chief, he'll nobble us. He's going to give Natt away, I tell you, lock, stock, and barrel."

"Why?"

"Because he wants to turn over a new leaf and be respectable. There's another chance, of course, he may continue his present profession, in which case Natt will be the cat's-paw to reach his chestnuts; that means sooner or later Natt will be copped. Either way your brother stands to lose—unless you save him. You needn't mention his name to Stuart, relate the incident of the telephone, nothing more. I'll back you up when the time comes."

He paused watching her eagerly. Hate of Blythe had over-mastered hate of Stuart, the latter he would ruin in his own good time, but first he must be used against the baronet. The Jew's fertile brain had planned the campaign with consummate art. This girl should be the match that should explode the mine beneath Blythe's feet. He had thought out his programme to the last detail. He was even now calling in his capital and re-investing in foreign securities. If the Pratoluga turned up trumps he would net something like half a million, a tidy sum enough to start a new life in a new world, inspirited by the reflection that he had settled with his enemies.

Nan walked on in silence. The old foreboding, the old terror once more engulfed her; the bat-like wings of dread and fear fluttered about her soul and turned it chill, and made it cringe. The Jew, vile as he was, spoke the truth when he said Natt was in danger while he remained in the power of the man he called "master." The man—the recollection came over with stunning force—who was trying to entrap her lover. The Jew promised to tell her how she could identify him. Here, then, were the means she sought to save Hedley from a dishonouring compact. For a moment the old trouble, the old fear had blotted out her love; could the tears of a lifetime wipe out the terrible sin of omission?"

She turned to Stebbing, her face set.

"Tell me how I can identify the man who has ruined Natt, and I'll do it."

"You'll go to Stuart with the information?"

"Yes."

"You'll let me know when Stuart's in possession of the story, so that I can write to him and offer my confirmation of your statements? He won't believe anything short of the written word; he and I are old enemies."

"I or Mr. Stuart will write to you."

"Good. A letter will find me at the office. Now listen to me. Your friend, Miss Marling, is intimate with Mrs. Chesney? She's giving a party the day after to-morrow. Miss Marling will be asked; persuade her to take you. When you're there, use your ears. You understand?"

She nodded, breathless with the sense of a great adventure.

"Very well. Do your part and I'll do mine. A last warning, don't breathe a word to Natt, or the game's lost before we have begun to play. He'll go straight to headquarters and give the show away. Good day, Miss Hallam, you've grit and you'll win through." He raised his hat and vanished in the crowd.

Nan gazed after him, her heart going twenty to the dozen.

She did not go to Stuart's favourite restaurant; the brightness had gone from the day. She took a cab and went back to the studio and Peggy.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

Hearts and Knaves.

Hedley Stuart told himself that love had gone out of his life; the thrills, the pain, the ecstasy of passion belonged to a chapter for ever closed. In its place a quiet affection, a domestic attachment had grown up, an attachment that, if it brought no tingling of the blood, sent no electric message along the nerves, left one immune from the quick fear, the stabbing doubt, accompaniment of a thing precious beyond price.

He looked forward to a steady jog-trot of the emotions. There would be no break-neck gallop across country, no wild and hazardous rides; the amble of domesticity would suffice for future exigencies of life. Nan seemed to him a loyal, brave, tender creature who would make a steadfast wife, a good mother of stalwart sons; that beneath her placid eyes and gentle smile there burned a flame, white in its heat and purity, a flame to which her soul and body—ay, her love—were dedicate, would have startled, almost repelled him. He was tired of the stress of the ocean; he longed for a harbour where, safe from the tidal waves of love and passion, he could be at ease.

Secure in his immunity from the disturbing element, he entered Judith's card-room and glanced with a sense of detachment at the beautiful face of his lost love. The detachment fell from him as he noted the rounded cheeks had lost their curves, that the eyes no longer shone like stars of morning, but burnt with a fitful mundane light. His Madonna had vanished; in her place was a woman hectic with the gambling fever, restless and unquiet.

Barbara was steadily losing—had lost since she sat down at the table. She was past all care and caution, and played recklessly, bringing on her head the scornful comments of her partner. Two hundred, three hundred—how the score leapt up! The cards were dealt afresh; she had a bad hand, and waited with dry throat and labouring heart for her partner to declare. Luck was still against her. She owed six hundred pounds!

The room went dark before her eyes, save for the electric lights that, in red shades, suddenly began to twinkle like pips upon the cards. She owed six hundred pounds! The lights formed red dots on a black board, six and again six. She had lost, and she could never hope to pay. She was dishonoured. She——

The look of terror in her eyes moved Stuart more than all spoken entreaty. He was at her side immediately.

"You're not well?" he said kindly. "You feel faint? Let me take you out of the room."

She clutched at him as a prisoner who sees a faint hope of reprieve.

"A bad loser, your friend, Judy," said a fluffy blonde with nerves of steel. "I hate to play with a woman who shows the white feather. Your deal, my dear, and hurry up."

In the morning-room across the hall, Barbara obediently sipped brandy and water, and sobbed between the sips.

"A wicked woman, that's what I am, Hedley. I'm not fit to touch you. Oh, I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead!" She rocked herself to and fro, and the man stood by racked with pity, distraught with the longing to put his arms about her and lay that lovely drooping head upon his breast.

"Six hundred pounds! How can I pay it?" She

(*Continued on page 603.*)

Jean Worth, of Paris, can't make dresses for every woman, but he is telling every woman how her dresses should be made, in the ROYAL MAGAZINE. Read "Some Advice for Beauty's Types" in the March number, now on sale everywhere, price 4d.

FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. THE CLOSING DATE OF THIS GRAND COMPETITION IS FEBRUARY 29.

SAMUDA'S (THIRD) GRAND LIMERICK

Second, £100 Cash; Third £50 Cash. Consolation Prizes—Five of £10 each.

No matter how few enter, we pay all Prizes in full.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Where the competitor prefers Cigars or Pipe Tobacco, or a higher grade Cigarette, we are prepared to supply "Avoca" Cigars, "Avoca" Infantee Whiffs, "Avoca" Smoking Mixture, or "Avoca" Virginia, Turkish, and Egyptian Cigarettes in place of "Traylee" Cigarettes. Particulars will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Judges:

MR. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, *Editor of the "Strand Magazine."*

MR. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, *Late Editor of the "Idler."*

MR. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT, *of the "World."*

Samuda's are not making a fortune out of these Limericks.
They are content if the sales of "Traylee" Cigarettes pay a proportion of the cost of the Competitions.
The Competitions are arranged to advertise their new "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes.
The "Traylee" Cigarettes are the best Virginia Cigarettes on the market at 2s. 6d. per 100.
You are always smoking Cigarettes.
Begin now with "Traylee"—a box a week.
Send a last line with each box you buy week by week.
It is no loss to you, and you may win £1,000 Cash.

CONDITIONS.

1. The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes together with postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage (2s. 8d. in all). Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 2s. 8d., included. All solutions must be in by Feb. 29th. (See note headed—Important Announcement.)

2. Every solution sent in will be carefully classified and judged entirely on its merits. As it is impossible to do this in the short space of one week, competitors are requested to send in their last lines at the earliest possible date.

3. The names of the prize winners will be published in the *Westminster Gazette* on March 10.

4. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.

5. No member of the firm, employes, or friend of any member or employes, is eligible to compete.

6. Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must enclose an additional stamp when sending in their order.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.

Pearson's Weekly, No. 4.

Address Envelope—The Limerick Committee, c/o J. SAMUDA & Co., 34 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

..... 1908.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you do not execute this order you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor.

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

Unique is the prize, so say we,
And not less unique is "Traylee."
You've no loss to repine
If you send a last line,

.....

Full Name .....

(Please write clearly.) Postal Address .....

Town ..... County .....

If more than one line is sent, write same with name and address on a separate sheet of plain paper and pin to the entry form. Only one attempt must be written on each sheet, and for each last line sent in 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased at 2/8 including postage. Additional entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

P.W.P.

Guy's Tonic Strengthens Weak Nerves

The Timely use of Guy's Tonic will save many a Doctor's bill.

W. Berry Esq., of Flanders Road, Bedford Park, W., writes on 5th June, 1907:

"I always recommend Guy's Tonic to my friends, and invariably find it has given every relief. Speaking for myself, I can safely say it is the only Medicine that gives me Relief from a miserable Sinking Sensation and fits of Depression.

"I have no hesitation in saying that Guy's Tonic is the finest thing extant for Weak Nerves, Depression and Debility, and I am convinced it has saved me many a Doctor's bill."

Note Particularly.

Guy's Tonic assists in the process of Digestion, and braces up the Stomach to the proper performance of its duties. In this way Guy's Tonic ensures that all the Nourishment possible is obtained from Food eaten.

This Nutriment is subsequently absorbed into the Blood, by which it is carried to every part of the Body, building up the exhausted Nerves and Tissues, and giving Strength to every Organ.

Guy's Tonic secures perfect Digestion and Assimilation of Food, besides exerting a Restorative influence upon the Vital powers of the Body.

Guy's Tonic is confidently recommended for Indigestion, Nervousnes and when, without any specific Ailment, Strength and Energy are lacking, and the System is generally Debilitated.

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere, at 1/1½ per bottle (family size 2/9).

HER EYES!

WHAT eyes?
WHOSE eyes?
"HER eyes."

This charming new presentation picture by M. Randall, NOW READY, reproduced in colours, 22 in. by 17 in., will be sent free for 50 Outside wrappers from blocks or band labels from tins taken from W. G. Nixey's goods. (If ½d. wrappers sent, 100 required). Commence saving wrappers. Former presentation pictures, 'Julia,' 'Helena,' will be out of print in March. Next picture ready Sept., '08

W. G. Nixey, 12, Soho Square, London, W.

NIXEY'S BLACK LEAD

REFINED

In 1d., 2d., 4d., 1s. Sizes.

NIXELENE STOVE PASTE 1d. & 2d. Tins.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 1d. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with certain success, Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

HAVE YOU A COLD? DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING-BOTTLE

Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or HAY FEVER. Instantly relieves Neuralgia in the Head, Faintness and Dizziness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price One Shilling, or Post free 14 Stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading. N.B.—Beware Worthless Imitations

Proof in the Facts: "My little girl was delicate from birth and at the age of seven months could not sit up and had no use whatever in her legs. My Doctor diagnosed her case as

RICKETS

and recommended SCOTT'S Emulsion. Believe me, in less than a fortnight after taking your Emulsion, she tried to sit herself up, and in less than a month sat up strongly by herself. Of course I continued the treatment, and have met with wonderful results. She is now fourteen months old, stands quite alone and her legs are beautifully straight, all thanks to SCOTT'S Emulsion, which she loves, and never forgets to ask for after every meal. Her flesh, too, is splendidly firm and healthy, and she is indeed a very bonny little girl. Everyone round here is surprised at the progress she has made, as before taking SCOTT'S Emulsion she was such a poor delicate little thing, and even my Doctor told me I should never rear her. I feel your splendid remedy has saved my child's life." HARRIET GODLEY.

"Heathdene," Meads Road, Eastbourne. 21/10/07.

Proof in the Reason Why: Nothing else helped this little girl, because nothing else but Scott's is made of the same finely invigorating materials by the original perfected Scott process, which makes these materials thoroughly digestible even by so fragile a sufferer as this child was. Competitive emulsions have no such record for cures as Scott's has; this is of crucial importance where life is at stake. Therefore, when purchasing, don't ask for "Emulsion"; ask for and get

SCOTT'S Emulsion

—the difference between them means a cure for you!

See that the Fisherman with the Fish is on the package. Write for free sample, enclosing for postage and name this paper. SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 19-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

A Paper Pattern

of this Fashionable Pleated skirt and

AN 8-PAGE SUPPLEMENT ARE GIVEN FREE

with this week's

WOMAN'S LIFE.

You have no idea what a big, bright and useful penny magazine "Woman's Life" is until you see it.

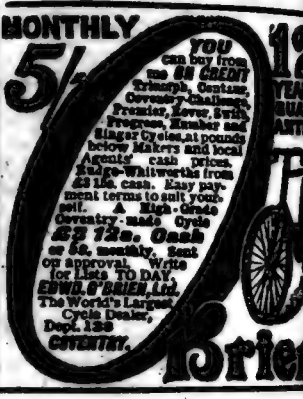
On Sale Monday, 1D.

OZERINE CURES FITS.

It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, &c., when everything else has failed. In almost every case fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being sent to all parts of the world. Thousands of testimonials. Test it free of charge. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle absolutely free, so certain am I of its success. 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.—I. W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist, (Dept. 1), 23 High Street, Belfast.

MONTHLY 5/- 12 YEARS QUARANTEE

YOU can buy from me £8 CREDIT Triumph, Centaur, Coventry-Challenge, Premier, Lever, Swift, Progress, Humber and Singer Cycles at pounds below Makers and local Agents' cash prices. Rudge-Whitworths from £3 15s. cash. Easy payment terms to suit your purse. A High-Grade Coventry-made Cycle £3 12s. Cash or 5s. monthly, Sent on approval. Write for Lists TO DAY. EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd. The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, Dept. 138 COVENTRY.



TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.

A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 30 years' successful results

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CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post.

Write to
C. H. KAPUTINE, Kaputine Works, Wakefield.

Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 18 doses, 1/-.

Samples 1d.

Look for Ingersoll on Dial. Fully Guaranteed.

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15,000,000 people use this accurate and boldly guaranteed timekeeper.—Lots of imitations—look for name "Ingersoll" on the dial. It's there for your protection.

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ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 63B Audrey House Ely Place, London, E.C.

THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

Borwick's Baking Powder.

CONTAINS NO YEAST OR GELATINE.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

is made from choice beef and

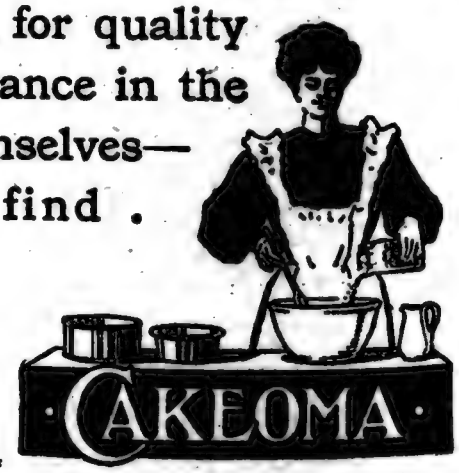
GARDEN-GROWN VEGETABLES,

the same vegetables that you have on your own table dried and evaporated down.

A COMPLETE SOUP IN ITSELF.

Reg. S.H.B.

YOU may try this and that and the other way of making cakes, but for real satisfaction in . . baking, for quickness and ease in making, for quality and appearance in the cakes themselves—you will find . nothing equal to



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It is mixed ready for use and made of the finest and purest materials obtainable. It saves time and trouble, besides being most economical in use.

3½d. packets, from Grocers and Stores everywhere. Each one contains many excellent recipes for cakes and puddings.

And it is just as good for puddings.

LATHAM & Co. Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

18

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...recommended SCOTT'S Emulsion. Believe me, in less ...a fortnight after taking your Emulsion, she tried to ...elf up, and in less than a month sat up strongly by h...
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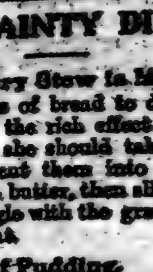

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See that the Fish-man with the Fish is on the package. Write for free sample booklet ... for postage and name this paper. SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

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OZERINE CURES FITS.

It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, &c., when everything else has failed. In almost every case fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being sent to all parts of the world. Thousands of testimonials. Test it free of charge. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle absolutely free, so certain am I of its success. 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.—I. W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist, (Dept. 1), 25 High Street, Belfast.

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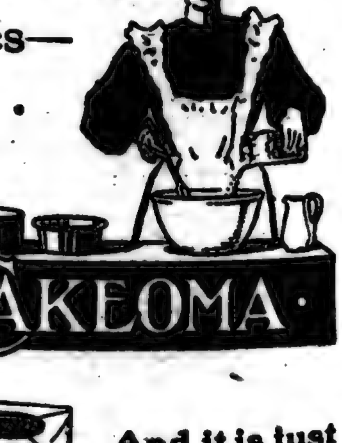

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And it is just as good for puddings.

LATHAM & Co. Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL. . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

When a Savoury Stew is Made and

There are bits of bread to dispose of, let the housewife try the rich effect of sippets in the stew. First she should take her bits of stale bread and cut them into small pieces, which are fried in butter, then slipped into the stew. They mingle with the gravy richly and are delicious to eat.

Scalloped Beef Pudding.

The remains of a boiled beefsteak pudding can be made into a very appetising dish by following this recipe: Cut the remains of the pudding into small neat pieces and lay them in a pie-dish. Cover with tomatoes cut in thick slices and pour a little good gravy over. Sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs, put a few bits of butter on the top, and bake till quite hot, and the top is a golden brown.

Economical Way of Cooking Rabbit.

Take a rabbit, clean it, and cut it in pieces. Place it in a deep basin with half an ounce of dripping cut in pieces, pepper and salt and a teaspoonful of flour. Cut up an onion very finely, mix it with half a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, and sprinkle over the meat. Add half a teacupful of stock and water, cover with a light suet crust, and bake slowly for one and a half hours.

Chelmsford Pudding.

Cook a tablespoonful of sago in water till it is tender and nearly dry. Beat two eggs thoroughly and pour on them, while stirring, half a teacupful of milk; add a large spoonful of sugar, and a teacupful of breadcrumbs. Mix together two ounces of suet, a dessert-spoonful of sugar, and the boiled sago, then stir all the ingredients together. Butter a basin, line it in a pattern with stoned and split raisins, and fill with the batter so as not to disturb the raisins. Boil for an hour, and serve hot with sweet sauce.

Saffron Buns

Are what you require. Make them from this recipe and you cannot fail to like them. Work six ounces of butter and lard in equal quantities into one pound of well-dried flour; add four ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Tie a few flakes of saffron in a piece of muslin, and soak in a little very hot milk. When it cools, remove the saffron, add a well beaten egg, and mix with the dry ingredients. Beat well for five minutes, divide into small buns, and bake in a moderate oven. If you like fruit buns, add six ounces of well cleaned sultanas and half an ounce of candied peel. (*Reply to* FLORA.)

£2,643 in Prizes.

This is the sum that has already been awarded by HOME NOTES, the popular ladies' paper, in the novel rhyming competition known by the name of "JINGLES." We have made arrangements by which readers of "Pearson's Weekly" may enter for the Jingle in this week's HOME NOTES.

Below you will find the first five lines of a Jingle. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. The last word of this line should rhyme with the last word of the third line. (See example.) When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to HOME NOTES, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Jingle No. 24" in the top left-hand corner. Closing date, Wednesday, February 26th.

The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number must be written in the space provided. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form.

The prizes will be awarded under the conditions published in this week's HOME NOTES, in which paper the result will appear.

EXAMPLE.

Jack and Jill
Walked up the hill
Until they reached the crown.
[illegible] all the way.
[illegible]
Their car had broken down.

ENTRY FORM. JINGLE No. 24.

Mrs. [illegible]
She taught a snake,
And thought it was an eel;
But, turning round,
She quickly found

....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Home Notes," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in this week's "Home Notes."

Name ....

Address ....

....

....

No of P.O. ....

THE WISDOM OF M. WORTH.

THERE is not a woman but will rejoice to hear that M. Jean Worth, the great Paris dress expert is contributing a series of articles on "Woman and Dress" to the *Royal Magazine*. In the March *Royal*, published on February 21st, he writes on "Some Advice for Beauty's types." Here is an extract from it:

I will not insult the intelligence of my readers by insisting upon the now exploded theory that there are certain colours exclusively dedicated to the brunette, and others solely for the blonde. When only crude dyes were obtainable, it was perhaps necessary to say to the dark woman: "For you there must exist only yellow and pale blue," and to the blonde: "You must look upon no colour save green and light red."

But now look round and contemplate the nuances of every dye, consider, too, the changes that are rung on the definition "brunette" and "blonde." Besides, if there is one point upon which women are usually good judges for themselves it is colour. While, however, roughly speaking, white is for everybody; mauve for the very fair; blue for the brunette; and red for the blonde, I would add that age should be circumspect in a decision as to colour schemes. With white, black, grey, and purple at her command, why should the woman of sixty insist upon pink, which is certain to make her appear years and years older than she really is?

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

A Window Pane Barometer,

Such as you describe, can be made thus: Paint the glass with the following solution: Ten parts of gelatine, one part of chloride of copper, and one hundred parts of water. This will be colourless in damp weather, but in clean, bright weather will have a curious yellow colour. (*Reply to* ADOLPHUS.)

Can Eat Pastry Now! A Food Cure for Chronic Indigestion.

The worst case of Chronic Indigestion yields to the right food. Leave off for a time all foods that disagree, and feed regularly on Grape-Nuts, and a cure is certain. Take proper food—not drugs. A lady at Bournemouth did this, and tells the result:

"I tried Grape-Nuts for the first time five years ago, when I was suffering from chronic indigestion and headache. My appetite was then very poor, and the smallest quantity of the simplest food often disagreed with me. I quite dreaded meal-times, and after eating was scarcely ever free from discomfort and headache. The slightest exertion tired me, and I weighed only five stone.

"I began with Grape-Nuts and a little bread and butter for breakfast, and found I could digest this quite easily. I gradually introduced the food at other meals, and found that Grape-Nuts wonderfully helped to the digestion of any other food with which it was eaten. My sister noticed the same thing, for she had never previously been able to digest cream, which never once disagreed with her, however, when taken with Grape-Nuts.

"I now weigh 6 stone 12lbs., and can easily walk five or six miles without feeling at all tired. I enjoy all my meals, and do not experience any discomfort now even after eating pastry and other things, which I dared not touch before I began to eat Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

When your digestion breaks down before heavy fare try a few simple meals of Grape-Nuts, the partially pre-digested food. This will rest and tone up the over-worked organs, and probably save you a big doctor's bill. The only safe and enjoyable meal to follow a heavy dinner or supper is a dainty breakfast of Grape-Nuts and fruit.

Now that Grape-Nuts comes in packets covered with moisture-proof paper, the food is always dry, crisp, and delicious. Don't accept packets without new covers. We take back from grocers old packets which have not been so protected.

There's a reason for Grape-Nuts.

Ask Grocer for new Grape-Nuts Biscuits.

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. *Continued from page 600.*

glanced up at him. "Can you ever think the same of me?"

He patted her gently on the shoulder.

"My dear little girl, Barbara, you mustn't say such things; they hurt."

"I've never done anything but hurt you," she cried. "Oh, Hedley, what a fool, what a wicked fool I've been!"

The barriers of silence were down; the storm of self-reproach threatened to fling her sobbing, broken to his feet. Her nerve was gone, her pride in the dust. Conrad had failed; her passion had turned to dust and ashes in her mouth. She threw out her hands, appealing to the devotion that had survived her cruelty and ingratitude to the man whose heart she had trampled under foot, to the lover whom she had cast aside.

Her look, her gesture sent the blood to Stuart's brain. Every muscle in his body strained to clasp her in his arms; the veins in his forehead stood out like whipcord; his tongue was parched as leather. The quiet attachment, the domestic jog-trot of a placid affection were swept out of knowledge. Launched on an ocean of desire, the harbour of refuge shifted from sight. For a moment he was within an ace of yielding. The next he was standing dizzy, indeed, and reeling, but safe upon sure ground.

He took her hands in his in a deliberate, kindly fashion and pushed her back into her chair.

"You're overstrained," he said in a matter-of-fact voice, "and take an exaggerated view of things. You always had a sensitive conscience, Barbara; you reproach yourself unduly."

"It's a terrible thing to have a conscience," she said, with a pitiful attempt at a laugh. "I agree with you—remorse is a mistake. I think I'll go back to lose another hundred."

"Nonsense! You'll stay here and drink this brandy. That's a good girl. Now, shall I give you a cheque or send you the money?"

"Neither," she said quickly, her pride up in arms. "It's very kind of you, but I don't want it. As you say, the allowance will be due shortly. My husband"—with an attempt at dignity—"will give me the money if I want it before."

"As you like, of course." The mention of Conrad effectively stopped persuasion. "You know I wish to serve you, Barbara"—tenderness crept into his voice—"you know how much I wish to help you."

She smiled, swiftly responding to the change. She realised for the first time what a splendid man he was. Strong, handsome, with a length of limb and breadth of shoulder beside which Conrad's slim figure seemed puny and contemptible.

"Are you better, Barbara," Hedley said awkwardly. "Able to listen to the prosy tale of my own affairs? I've something to tell you—something that should reassure you when you are tempted to reproach yourself, for hurting me. I am going to be married, Barbara."

His voice was a dull monotone, uninspired by any touch of feeling, save perhaps—regret.

She stiffened, turning incredulous eyes upon him.

"You are going to be married?" she repeated.

Her apathy angered him.

"I must apologise for mentioning my affairs," he said abruptly. "I had thought you still took an interest."

All Cyclists should read . . .

CYCLING NOTES

by F. PERCY LOW, appearing in the London

Daily Express

every Saturday.

The "Daily Express" is London's Great Halfpenny Morning Newspaper, and is on Sale Everywhere.

"An interest!" The statue was galvanised to life. "Hedley, do you doubt it? I am ungrateful, unmindful, thinking only of myself—another sin against you. But for the moment I felt—I felt"—her hand went to her heart with a pathetic gesture—"your friendship—your care—your—your affection"—her voice trembled, but she went bravely on—"it hurt to think that I must lose them, that I must give you up to *her*." The note of anguish rose for a moment in her voice. Then:—"Who is the girl?" she asked.

"I don't think you've met her. She is a typist in my office. Her name is Nan—Nan Hallam."

"You love her very much?" The question was wrung from the extremity of suffering. "As much as you loved me?"

"I don't think I can discuss that," he said slowly.

"I ought not to have asked. But——" She paused, surveying him with a startled, almost triumphant look in her eyes. "Why," she cried, "you don't love her at all! How glad"—fiercely—"how glad I am! I broke your heart, I've treated you wickedly, shamefully, but it's me you love—me, not her!"

His breath came quickly, his hands opened and shut.

"You," he said hoarsely—"*another man's wife!*"

She fell back with a quick cry.

"I'd forgotten," she wailed—"I'd forgotten." The dull red flush of shame dyed her throat and her lovely face.

"That's the truth," he said slowly. "I love you—I suppose I always shall. But love for you is a sharp sword that pierces the heart and cuts into the soul. I've given you the best of me. Don't rob me of the only thing that's left. I can't lose honour, Barbara. If that goes, I shall follow it—to perdition. Don't look at me with those sweet, seductive eyes; hide your face, cover your lips. I tell you there's a fire within me that cannot be slaked save at your mouth. Barbara"—he drew her roughly to her feet—"kiss me," he said hoarsely, and took her in his arms.

She did not struggle or protest. She put her hands on Hedley's forehead, looking up into his face. And as her eyes, grave as a child's, and, like a child's, infinitely trustful, met his, he gave a quick hurt cry and put her from him.

"Madonna"—he was on his knees before her, hiding his face in her gown—"Madonna mia—forgive me!"

(Another long instalment next week.)

For the Unemployed.

A. W. has been reflecting upon the unemployed problem. "What are the objections," he asks, "to having workmen employed in reducing the height of mountains to make the soil suitable for grain growing? I think it would be a good plan, and would give work without affecting an already overstocked market. Government could feed, clothe, and house workers who promised to complete a daily task, and an opportunity would thus present itself of giving large numbers of men a semi-military training. No wage should be paid, but anyone obtaining a paying situation elsewhere should have board and lodging given him for one extra week near the work he had secured. There could be facilities for applications to be made with a view to finding regular work.——There is something to be said for your plan, A. W., but there are also many objections to it. In the first place, most mountainous regions are of far too stony a character for the purposes of agriculture. Secondly, the great majority of unemployed men would not jump at the idea of being taken off to Wales or Cumberland to assault mountains. A large number of those who did would probably be quite unfitted for the work, and I doubt much whether employers of labour would go so far afield to recruit their ranks. Still, in view of the difficulty which some genuine workers find in obtaining employment, it might possibly be tried in suitable cases on a small scale. Personally, I must confess that, from a selfish point of view, I should be sorry to go for my holiday one year, and find a large heap of ploughed land in place of Snowdon, with several tired-looking gentlemen resting on their spades. However, I don't think there is any immediate fear of this catastrophe.

The Ashes.

ALTHOUGH the cerise-coloured one comes into the home like a gleam of sunshine, it is also, like old Sol, occasionally capable of producing a little heat. SERGEANT F. B. for instance, informs me that the Limerick concerning the Australian cricket tour was the cause of quite a spirited little argument in the mess on the subject of "the ashes." "What are the ashes?" inquires the SERGEANT, "and how did they get the name?"——Having been responsible for bringing a temporary discord into the British Army, I must hasten to allay it. The origin of "the ashes" dates back to 1882, when Mr. Murdoch's famous team beat a strong English eleven at the Oval by seven runs. The Englishmen only had eighty-five runs to get in their second innings; but so brilliantly did the Australians bowl and field, that this apparently easy task was too much for them. The result caused bitter disappointment throughout the country, and the SPORTING TIMES published the following "In Memoriam" notice:

"In affectionate remembrance
of
English Cricket,
which died at the Oval
on
August 29th, 1882,
deeply lamented by a large circle
of sorrowing friends and acquaintances.
R. I. P.
N.B.—The body will be cremated, and the ashes taken to Australia."

Such was the origin of "the ashes," and I trust that there will again be peace in military circles.

The Sensomatograph.

G. S. G. MORGAN sends me a fierce attack upon the type of pictures exhibited on the cinematograph. "I am sorry to say," he writes, "that at present the market is swamped with whole series of childish, senseless, faked, 'burglar chase' sort of pictures. It is true that we occasionally get a sensible picture; but what a welcome change it would be if pictures showing the customs, industries, and scenery of other countries, or exhibiting facts of natural history, could take the place of the rubbish that we are now compelled to look at. Is the taste of grown-up people deteriorating, or am I of too philosophic a cast of mind?"——I think the taste of grown-up people is very much what it always was, Mr. Philosopher. In an average music-hall audience nineteen out of every twenty of those present have come for amusement and relaxation. They have probably been working hard during the day, and would rather sit back and laugh at a comic burglar chase, than watch Signor Guiseppe Macaroni learning to make ice cream in his native Florence. I have noticed that whenever what one might call serious pictures are put on the screen a large number of the audience get up and leave. I certainly agree with you in considering pictures of wild life far more attractive than the present style of entertainment; but I fear we are in a minority, and, as Mr. Birrell recently remarked, "Minorities must suffer."

A Welcome Find.

LISTEN to the dramatic manner in which C. G. H. first became a reader of *P.W.* "It was about three months after peace was declared in South Africa," he writes, "that I was with a party of troopers out from Kroonstad, Orange River Colony, on a few days' scouting. It so happened that, owing to my horse falling lame, I was left behind at an old blockhouse that had been used during the war, to wait there till the remainder of the party returned later in the day. While trying to pass away the time, I climbed into the blockhouse, where I saw amongst some discarded biscuit tins what I took to be an old newspaper. On picking it up I discovered it to be a complete copy of *P.W.* Although greatly discoloured and dilapidated through exposure, it was still readable, and you can imagine the pleasure it afforded me to have a read from a good old London journal once more. How it got there I never found out. I suppose it must have been sent out from England to one of the Tommies, and left behind by him when he was recalled to his regiment."——That must have been the explanation, C. G. H., and now I understand the meaning of "The Absent-minded Beggar." A man must be very absent-minded indeed to forget his *P.W.*, even with the prospect of getting back to peace and comfort before him. What a blessing that cerise-coloured one must have been to that little handful of brave men isolated on the veldt in the midst of stray commandos and prowling snipers! I expect by the time relief arrived they pretty well knew it by heart. I only hope it was one of our most brilliant numbers.

A Suggestion for Suffragettes.

P. W. is always open for good ideas, and SOUTHPORT sends along an eminently sound suggestion. "The other day," he writes, "I heard the mistress of a house in which I happened to be working say, as she was assisting the maid with the washing-up after dinner, that she wished someone would bring out a new material that would take the place of crockery. It would have to be quite cheap, of course, and sufficiently strong to stand use for one meal. It would then be thrown away, like the paper cups in which ices are served in some restaurants. As this is a question which affects women very materially, it struck me that if this matter were ventilated in your widely-read columns, some of the cleverest of the suffragettes might be persuaded to give some of their spare moments—perhaps when chained to railings—towards the solving of the problem. They would thereby be conferring an inestimable boon upon their less fortunate sisters, and at the same time opening up a new industry for the unemployed."——Bravo, Southport! That's the happiest idea I have come across for a considerable time. I commend it with all my heart to the talented ladies who are leading the new crusade. An invention like this would be the merest child's play to minds that can conceive such ingenious ideas for interrupting minister's meetings, and would, no doubt, come as an agreeable relaxation after the more strenuous pastime of wrestling with policemen. The profits could go to a more liberal supply of chains, and to the general advancement of the good cause. Come, ladies; now is your opportunity!

Too Talented.

MANY people suffer from a lack of versatility, but not so M. E. Her life, as far as I can gather from her letter, is being spoiled by a too widely distributed array of talents. "I have been sadly puzzled," she says, "by the advice which is always being given in papers and columns devoted to girls urging us to cultivate the one particular talent we possess, and dress up to the one particular beauty that we are assured even the plainest girls can invariably lay claim to. But what is one to do when no particular talent is discoverable and all the microscopes in the Universe could not reveal a hitherto unknown beauty. I, for instance, can draw a bit, paint a bit, sing a bit, play a bit, dance a bit, sew a bit, cook a bit, and write a bit; but what am I to do in these degenerate days, unless appear at a variety show? Plain, good, ordinary, pleasant girls are at a discount. I feel sometimes I want to be wicked just to break the monotony. Dear Mr. Editor, your talent, I know, is answering other people's questions. Be kind, and answer mine."——I really don't think you have much cause for complaint. When you are tired of the Moonlight Sonata, you can resort to the Zuyder Zee, follow this up with a skirt dance, dash off a sketch of "Cows crossing a stream," write a line to the editor of *P. W.*, mend two or three pairs of stockings, and finish up by cooking a bit for dinner. It is difficult to conceive a more thrilling existence.

How to Wake Refreshed.

THERE is a great deal in the spring beside the poet. For instance, there is "that tired feeling," and it is about that particular complaint that J. E. M. writes to me. He tells me that, though he keeps good hours, he does not waken in the morning refreshed; he does not seem to have a satisfactory appetite, nor is he as brisk and active as he ought to be.——These are the true symptoms of "that tired feeling," and J. E. M. will be foolish if he flies to drugs. Drugs stimulate, perhaps, but there comes a reaction. What my correspondent really wants is exercise. Let him take some lively bedroom drill night and morning before the open window, and draw in some good oxygen to the tune of the dumb-bells. It is surprising how quickly such private athletics will buck one up. By the way, if J. E. M. does not know of some really good movements to go through, I should advise him to write to the Principal, The Physical Culture College, 28 Maiden Lane, London, W.C. That gentleman will supply him with what he wants for nothing.

Hobson's Choice.

G. J. A. wants to know how the phrase "Hobson's Choice" originated.——Like sausages, rowing eights, and other good things, G. J. A., it comes from Cambridge. A certain Mr. Tobias Hobson, who inhabited this stormy world from 1544 to 1631, spent the latter part of his career as a carrier and innkeeper in the celebrated university town. That he was a gentleman of some importance and wealth may be gathered from the fact that he erected a handsome conduit there, and settled "seven lays of pasture ground towards its maintenance." He kept a stable of forty excellent horses, always in good condition and ready for travelling. Being a sensible man he naturally liked to have them all ridden about the same amount; so when one of the students wished to hire a horse, the would-be customer was always compelled to take the one in the first stall. If he demurred, Hobson used to remark, laconically, "Well, it's this one or none." From this sprang the phrase "Hobson's choice." A couple of references to him in Milton's poetry after his death, largely assisted to establish his fame.

Good for Evil.

H. A. G. sends me a cutting from a newspaper concerning a hen at Llanelly, "which is described as being one in a million." I should rather think she was. "This hen," the paragraph goes on to say, "is of a highly nervous disposition. She is liable to get frightened at people and for small causes; and when a person frightens her, she lays a photograph of that person on the very next egg that she produces." H. A. G. wants to know what I think of this statement.——Well, I think it shows what a kind, forgiving sort of nature the hen must have. To present a person with an egg and a free copy of their photograph after they have just terrified you out of your wits, is a height of generosity to which I fear few human beings could rise. By the way, it would be interesting to know whether it is a full length portrait, or merely a head and shoulders, and also if it is properly toned and touched up. I am presuming, of course, that the egg is a good one; but should the reverse be the case, the hen is probably trying to convey in her own dumb, but picturesque, fashion that, in her opinion, anybody who goes blundering about farmyards frightening the occupants, must of necessity be "a bad egg." I suppose that, in the event of being alarmed by a flash of lightning, she can turn out a thundering good picture of a storm.

Fresh Air Fund Figures.

THE following amounts have come to hand for the FRESH AIR FUND since the last list of donations was published:

Anon., 2s. 6d.; C. Heybourne, £1; H. P. James, S. Africa, 10s. 6d.; K. W., 2s. 6d.; E. M. H., 5d.; J. Dick, 10s.; C. H. A., 10s.; "Danecourt," £1 1s.; Alice Ovenden, 5s.; Mrs. S. M. Balch, 5s.; R. Atkinson, 2s. 6d.; T. Pollard, £2 2s.; J. Binns, C.M.P., 5s.; P. Osborne, 10s.; T. Morse, 5d.; M. H. C., 5s.; Miss V. Eyre Matcham, 5s. 5d.; Directors of the Carlton and Ritz Hotels, £3; R. L. Walsh, 5s.; Mrs. Anderson, per W. H. Lillie, 10s.; Beta, 5s.; A. H. Brookes, £1 1s.; Crooked Steeple, 9d.; Jonah Yark, 3s.; A. W., 6d.; T. G., 6d.; Col. R. H. Forman, £1 1s.; F. S. Woolfe, 2s.; Molly and Reta, N.E., 7s.; H. W. and J. Pitout, 10s.; J. A. M., 5s.; S. Whyte, 2s. 6d.; T. H. B., 2s. 3d.; Anon., £2 14s. 6d.; Thank Offering, 5s.; T. Hume, 1s. 6d.; W. Pritchard, 2s. 10d.; P. H. B., 2s.; A. E. Redhead, 3s.; A. M. L., 1s.; Christmas Cards, 12s. 6d.; G. Allan, 1s.; Mrs. Lowe, 2s. 6d.; H. Fisher, 1s. 6d.; G. Byers, 1s.; Burnley Pennies, 1s.; F. C. M., 6d.; A. M., 6d.; Mrs. C. Holmes, 2s.; Mrs. K. L. Stewart, 2s.; Limerick, 2s. 6d.; "Once a Waif," 10s.; R. Craig, £1; Prize Winner, 7s.; K. S. Hazell, 10s.

COLLECTED: Stokers of H.M.S. *Astræa*, 8s.; Doris Hopcroft, 1s. 6d.; G. Brown, 4d.; Canteen of H.M.S. *Venerable*, per P. Cruse, £3 12s. 6d.; Miss E. Bottomley, 7s.; Part Proceeds of Bazaar held at High School for Girls, Bromley, £34 10s.; Proceeds of Concert given at Chesney Wold, per L. W. Cecil Hodges, £13 10s. 6d.; Mrs. W. Heather, 11s.; Miss Muriel Kneath, 10s.; Lily Kneath, 3s. 6d.; In a Ginger-beer Bottle at Tebbe's Hotel, per Messrs. Gosney and Sneath, £4 17s. 11d.; S.S. *Dartfish*, per Capt. W. Clarke, £1 15s.; H.M.S. *Gossamer*, per H. Durkin, 2s.; A. Dixon and Friends, £6 5s.; C.P.O.'s Mess, H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, £2 2s.; Mrs. Hickson, S. Africa, £3 2s. 9d.; School of Gunnery, per J. Hall, 10s.; H.M.S. *Sappho*, per F. W. Fairclough, £2; Col. Sergeant T. W. Carter, 1st Lincoln Regt., £3 10s.; A. Reid, 7s.; Officers and Ships' Company, H.M.S. *King Alfred*, £11 14s.; Members N.C.O.'s Mess, R.L., Singapore, £2 6s.; H.M.S. *Albemarle* Canteen and Proceeds of Concert given at Gibraltar, £10; Members of Sergeants' Mess, R.G.A., St. Elmo, 10s.; Children of Kokstad, £3 3s. 7d.

Printed by HORACE COX, Brown's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

About the Antipodean Tracker, and the Way He Does His Work.

A CRIMINAL in Australia knows that his chances for escape are nearly hopeless if a "tracker" is put upon his trail within a day after the crime is discovered. A "tracker" is a native black man having a natural instinct for running down criminals fleeing from justice. These men are veritable bloodhounds, and their strange power is possessed by no other race in the world.

So implicit is the confidence felt in them by the police that when a black starts out upon a man-hunt the officer who goes with him merely follows in his wake. He does not question him, or in any way interfere with him, but, leading his own horse, allows the guide to go in whatever direction he pleases, no matter how apparently senseless his course may seem.

The most successful trackers are in Queensland, near the edge of New South Wales. They will travel any distance, animated by no feeling of hatred for their quarry, but only desirous of proving their expertness. The reward they ask is absurdly small for the long and difficult trails. A few shillings or some cheap bracelets, rings, and so on, quite satisfies them. They have no idea of the value of money. Rum is their great weakness.

PAID WITH A BOTTLE OF RUM.

Once a tracker was employed to locate some valuable trees for a timber man. He had to travel some forty miles through a forest so dense that it was necessary to cut his way through with his tomahawk. All he asked for was a bottle of rum, while the timber merchant derived over £2,000 from the sale of the trees.

The following description of a man-hunt will convey a clear idea of the dangers and hardships to be endured:

In this particular case the tracker was a splendid specimen of manhood. The usual loin garment of kangaroo skin he had exchanged for a light covering of cotton cloth provided by the police. He led a horse, so as to make time in the open country districts where the runaway's footsteps could be seen from a horse. The hunt was very earnest, because the fugitive had stolen some cattle. In Australia the crime of cattle-stealing is most severely dealt with, and considered a serious offence.

The offender was a well-seasoned bushman, cunning, and acquainted with the tactics of the "trackers"; furthermore, he had two days' start of his pursuers.

DARK WOODS.

To accompany a chase like this is awesome; the utter silence and desolation of the woods is so depressing. Then, too, the trails are deceptive, often leading to a deserted wood camp beneath a foliage so dense that it is impossible even to catch a glimpse of the sky. Darkness closes in very quickly in the mountain regions, and by nightfall the "tracker" and his employer were glad to reach an "accommodation house" (or rancher's home), where such as these were usually welcomed and allowed to put up for the night. At this house the officer tried to hear tidings of his man, but no one had seen him.

All the next day the black fellow led along as swiftly as possible. The way was extremely rough, and mile after mile was covered through wild silences, until a stranger would surely think the guide was playing a losing game. At no time could they ride, and it was with great difficulty that they reached a sort of clearing, where the horses were tied and camp struck for the night. Tearing huge strips of bark from the trees and wrapping blankets around them, each lay on the concave surface of one for a bed and rested.

THE CLUE OF A BROKEN TWIG.

At noon the next day a bushman's cabin was reached, and there the tired horses were tethered. The hunters then proceeded on foot. Another night in the forest, and the fourth day found these intrepid hunters making their way through underbush peculiar to Australia, called "lawyers and barristers," because its thorns and brambles catch one at every turn. Once the guide hesitated, turned back, and struck off in another direction down an embankment, the rest tumbling after him.

A wild chase that must have been! Two white men following the apparently mad actions of a black fellow into places so remote that it would have been impossible to find the way out of them alone. But such is the confidence in that country in the faithfulness and ability of a "tracker." He now crawled for the greater part on his hands and knees, minutely examining twigs and branches for signs of a freshly-broken passage-way for the fugitive. He was about ten feet ahead of the others, when he gave a subdued exclamation of delight.

"I catch white feller quick!" he said, and pointed to a scrap of cloth clinging to a broken twig. Four hours more, and a river was reached. There in the damp earth of the bank two footprints were plainly seen.

The "tracker" leaped into the river and struck out for the opposite side. Emerging upon the other bank, he ran, dripping, for twenty feet or so, following footprints that had again stopped at the water's edge.

Then the trailer paused. He was plainly puzzled. What had become of the cattle thief? Had he recrossed the river or swam down as far as he could and landed on either bank, then struck into the woods again? After sharply examining the ground, the troubled guide swam back and landed a few yards below his party. By his actions they saw that he had found the tracks again. The criminal had indeed crossed the river, but where had he gone after that?

Trust a "tracker" to solve riddles of that sort! Suddenly he began uncovering the leaves and twigs between him and the other two men until he reached them. They were sitting beneath a hugh eucalyptus tree.

"White feller no fool black feller!" he said, smiling, wet and breathless. Then it was seen that the fugitive had carefully covered up his tracks by walking backwards. Strange to relate, these tracks terminated under the very tree where the party were seated. But apparently the man-hunt was finished; the game had vanished into space!

HIDDEN IN A TREE TRUNK.

The "tracker" dashed into a thicket and hastily secured a strong, pliable vine, used by the natives to scale tree trunks too smooth to climb. This he threw about the tree, and began to ascend it. The others looked on in astonishment. Up went the black until thirty feet in the air. Then those below noticed that the main trunk of the tree had been broken off years before, forming a crotch for the new branches that had sprung up on either side.

A most astonishing thing happened. Reaching down into the hollow of the half-dead tree trunk, the "tracker" seized something, at the same time shouting to the officer beneath: "Boss, Boss, I catch white feller! He play 'possum!"

Out of the opening appeared a man's head, and a more wretched object could never have been seen. He was tousled, dirty, gaunt, half-starved.

In due course he paid the penalty of his crime. He said that, knowing a "tracker" would be put upon his trail, he had hoped to give him the impression that he had been drowned while swimming the river.

Trackers have a horror of travelling after dark, being constantly in fear of meeting the *Bunyip*, a fearful monster with glaring eyes, which they believe to be the spirit of an old aboriginal king who roams around the swampy land at night to catch black men. You can frighten a "tracker" half out of his wits by telling him you will send the *Bunyip* after him. They also believe that a giant lives on mountain tops, waiting to kill them with a club. Hence they never sleep on top of a mountain or near a swamp, always pitching their brush tents, or mimis, near a dry and level spot. Their only religious belief is that a big god, who has been asleep for ages, will one day awaken and eat up the whole world.

HOW KING-KILLERS ARE KILLED.

Those amongst the assassins of the late King of Portugal and his son who fell victims to the sabres and bullets of the soldiery and police were lucky.

For even in these humanitarian days the lot of the regicide, when caught, is not usually a very enviable one. To be hanged is the least he can expect.

Perpetual solitary imprisonment is a far more dreadful fate. It drove Bresci, the assassin of King Humbert of Italy, to suicide; and it has transformed Lucchini, who murdered the Empress of Austria, into a hopeless imbecile.

Amongst the plotters implicated in the murder of the late Shah of Persia, one was tortured to death in prison, while another was incased in wet plaster-of-paris, which, on setting, slowly crushed the life out of him. Three of the assassins of a previous Shah were boiled alive in huge copper cauldrons.

So late as the year 1831, the two Mavromichaelis, who slew Count Capo d'Istria, the first president of Greece, were immured within close brick walls, built round them up to their chins, and supplied with salted food (but no drink) until they died.

Damiens, who attempted the life of King Louis XV., was first barbarously tortured, and then torn to pieces by wild horses. This awful punishment was publicly carried out in one of the principal squares of Paris no longer ago than March 28th, 1757. Ravaillac, who assassinated Henry IV. of France, suffered a similar fate.

The murderer of Selim III. of Turkey was publicly impaled, lingering five and a half days in dreadful torment. Those who did to death his immediate successor, Mustapha IV., were tortured and starved on alternate days, and deprived of sleep by night, until death came to their relief.

PREMIUM BONDS.

The Necessity for Caution.

A Comprehensive Guide.

The interest evinced by the public in Premium Bonds shows no signs of diminishing, although people have awakened to the fact that it is extremely necessary to exercise precaution in purchasing these securities in order to avoid the exorbitant prices that certain firms are charging for them.

The LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE have formed a special department to deal with these securities, and are able to offer special facilities for procuring the Bonds at proper figures, and, at the same time, are prepared to watch the drawings on behalf of clients, advising them immediately in the event of their Bonds being drawn. Also, before delivering Bonds a careful search is made to ascertain that they are not Stolen Bonds and that there is no stop on them. Premium Bonds may also be purchased through the London and Paris Exchange on the instalment system, the purchaser receiving full rights to drawings and interest upon payment of the first instalment. No commission is charged and the Bonds will be delivered immediately the balance of the purchase money is paid.

The interest on Premium Bonds is paid by means of coupons which are attached to the Bonds, and the LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE are prepared to collect clients' coupons, free of charge, crediting them with the full amount received.

The numbers of all Bonds purchased by clients are carefully noted and the official lists watched on their behalf. In the event of a Bond being drawn the client holding same is immediately notified.

The results of the various drawings as they come to hand are also published in the weekly edition of *The Daily Report.*

In the event of a Bond, the market value of which is above par, being drawn for repayment at par, a loss would be incurred, and in order that clients may avoid such loss the LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE undertake the insurance of Bonds, the market value of which is at a premium, against being drawn for repayment at par. Rates may be had on application.

Premium Bonds are to bearer and are always readily saleable at current market quotations.

An explanatory Handbook giving the approximate prices of the various Bonds, and also giving detailed particulars of the principal ones, may be had on application on mentioning *Pearson's Weekly* to the Secretary, London and Paris Exchange Ltd., Basildon House, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

FURNITURE.

NEARLY NEW.

Furniture and Effects of Magnificently-Furnished 22-Roomed Residence. Private Sale. No Reserve.

Now on View where removed for convenience of selling, as below. Any article can be had separately, and may be selected at once. Can remain stored free till required, or delivered free, town or country. Anyone wanting high-class furniture, at practically giving-away prices, should see these goods immediately. An opportunity of a lifetime.

Valuable Collection of carved black antique oak dining-room furniture, elaborately carved with figures, fruit, and flowers, 16 guineas for the suite, exquisitely spring-upholstered throughout and covered with a choice maroon embossed real leather; there is also sideboard to match, surmounted with elaborate carvings, with overmantel fitment to match, dining table, extending, with extra leaves, writing bureau, fitted drawers, pigeon holes, &c., 4ft. dinner wagon, bookcase, fitted lead-light doors, costly Turkey carpet, and rug to match.

Ground-floor Dining-room comprises a valuable Chippendale design buffet sideboard, with lofty back and overmantel fitment to match, magnificent suite, upholstered choice embossed leather, and large extending dining table, all with shaped cabriole legs to match, 25 guineas the lot.

Costly Set of Sheraton Design furniture, comprising 5ft. wide buffet sideboard, with overmantel fitment to match, uncommon design, extending dining table, two carving chairs, and six table chairs, 21 guineas the lot.

Breakfast Room comprises very elegant solid waxed oak furniture, with copper fitments, including a massive sideboard, overmantel to match, eight-piece suite, extending dining table, wall mirrors, &c. The whole lot for 14 guineas.

Smaller lot, comprising similar articles, £10 17s. 6d.

Two Handsome Walnut Sideboards, with bevelled-plate backs, as new, £3 10s. and 5 guineas; two uncommon walnut overmantels, 12s.; extending dining table, 25s.; beautifully upholstered leather suite, solid carved frames, £4 17s. 6d.; and an uncommon saddlebag and velvet covered suite, £5 17s. 6d.; seven Austrian dining chairs, 1s. 6d. each; several black and copper fender sets, from 5s. set.

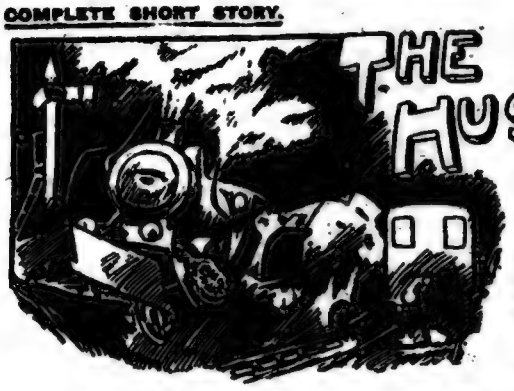
The Drawingroom contains some very beautiful art furnishings and rich silk draperies, Louis XIV. Gilt, Empire, and other styles, a very choice, uncommon design show cabinet, measuring 7ft. 6in. high and 4ft. wide, overmantel to match, dainty centre table to match, settee, two easy chairs, four occasional chairs, rich silk covering, handsome polished brass fender suite, 13 guineas the lot.

Elegant Lounge, adjustable end, silk coutil covered Chesterfield suite of seven pieces, £9 10s. (worth treble); two choice French gilt and marble pedestal tables, 12s. 6d. each; two valuable Vernis Martin panel cabinets, £4 10s. and 12 guineas; two pianos, by eminent makers, £7 15s. and 16 guineas (both nearly new); several pieces of choice statuary, and some grand, real tigers and bears mounted as rugs.

Fifteen Delightfully-Furnished Bedrooms and servants' bedrooms. Solid oak cottage bedroom suites, £3 7s. 6d.; solid oak and walnut bedroom suites, with bevelled plate-glass door wardrobe, dressing chest, marble top and tiled-back washstand, cupboard, towel rails, and chair, complete, £4 7s. 6d.; larger suites, £5 15s. 6d.; larger ditto, including bedsteads and overmantel fitment, all to match, complete, £8 17s. 6d.; choice Sheraton design bedroom suite, complete, £7 10s.; larger ditto, 9 guineas and 12 guineas; massive suite, with 6ft. wardrobe, fitted trays, &c., 14 guineas; and others, requiring too much space to enumerate, all equally ridiculously low in price; full-size, massive, all-brass bedsteads, complete, 27s. 6d.; and lovely square ditto, white enamelled, black and copper, and all brass, 50s.; art china toilet sets, from 5s.; art colour Brussels Carpets, from 10s. each; several pairs wire lace and other curtains, from 2s. pair; two magnificent chiming grandfather clocks, kitchen utensils, crockery, stable, and garden sundries.

On View at the Furniture Depositories, between nine till nine (Thursdays till five), 30 Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, London, N., three minutes from Highbury Station (North London Railway), easy of access from all parts of London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



THE HUSTLING OF HANSON

The romantic story of an American millionaire's smartness.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

MR. EDWARD P. HANSON arrived back at his London flat soon after half-past eleven in a somewhat irritable frame of mind. The performance at the theatre had failed to interest him, and his mind had been wandering to business and the amount of work he had to get through owing to his secretary's absence.

Entering the little room that he used as a smoking-room and study, he threw his hat into one chair, his overcoat into another, hurriedly lit a cigar, and sat down by the writing table littered with papers.

Burr-r-r.

The telephone on his desk ringing out sharply at midnight startled him. Who on earth could be calling him up at that hour? He gazed wonderingly at the instrument and as he did so it rang out again three times in quick succession; sharp, impatient, frantic rings.

Mr. Hanson took down the receiver.

"Hulloa?"

"Is that Mr. Hanson's flat?"

"I'm Hanson," replied the New York millionaire shortly.

A faint gasping sound came over the wires.

"I'm Dora Cresswell," said the voice.

Cresswell was Mr. Edward P. Hanson's secretary, engaged since his arrival in England. His young son was seriously ill, and his father had been away for two or three days.

"Well?" said Hanson impatiently.

"My father is sitting beside Dick," continued the voice quietly; and, even in his astonishment, the millionaire thought it a soft, pretty voice; "the doctor does not expect him to live through the night. Could you come down here? I am speaking from a friend's house."

"Come down!" gasped Mr. Hanson.

"Yes; to save father's life, Mr. Hanson. I know I am asking a great favour of you; but I—I have no one here to help me, and—and," the voice was faltering unsteadily, "my father is almost mad, he has sworn to kill himself when the boy dies."

"Have you no——"

"Your influence would save him," interrupted the voice quickly; it was hoarse now, and the words seemed to come over the wires in little gasps. "He——"

Burr-r-r.

The exchange had cut them off.

Then silence, the millionaire sat with the receiver still in his hand, a look of blank bewilderment on his clean-shaven, not unhandsome face.

Then suddenly he let the receiver fall to the table, reached out for a small leather-bound book, and rapidly turned over the pages. The last entry under the letter C was in a neat, clerkly hand.

Roland Cresswell,
The Moorings,
Crawley, Sussex.

Hanson had been in England for about six months, and he vaguely knew that Crawley was somewhere about thirty miles from London on the London and Brighton Railway. A hurried glance at the time-table confirmed his knowledge; it also told him that there was no train until about five o'clock in the morning.

He looked at his watch; it was ten minutes past midnight. Then he thought.

It was Mr. Hanson's method to think quickly, otherwise he would not have accumulated the fortune he had; in less than a minute he had decided what to do.

He would go to Crawley.

He was smiling grimly to himself as he crossed over to the fireplace and pressed an electric bell. Why should he rush off into the country at midnight, dead tired, as he was and with a multitude of correspondence left unanswered, to comfort his paid servant whom he had only known a few months? He made no attempt to answer the question he had asked himself; he only stood waiting impatiently until a sleepy manservant appeared at the door.

"Victoria station as fast as you can go. Engage me a special train to Crawley; I shall be at the station a few minutes after you."

Taking no notice of the man's look of blank bewilderment, he produced his pocket book and handed him a couple of twenty-five pound notes.

"Take these and tell them I'll pay the difference later. I must have the train at once. Tell them anything you like; but if that special is not ready for me when I get to Victoria—look out."

The man without a word took the money, and hatless and coatless dashed down the stairs. When Edward P. Hanson spoke in that way, it behoved one to move quickly.

The millionaire, on the other hand, seemed not a whit excited or flurried. He pulled on his heavy overcoat over his evening dress, went to a small safe in the corner, and provided himself with sufficient funds for any emergency. Then going into his bedroom he caught up a travelling cap, and the next moment was outside his door.

No cab was in sight when he gained the street, so perforce he had to walk to Victoria; his long legs covered the distance in under ten minutes. He had time for reflection during his walk; the cold, early morning air took away the romance of the situation. Once he wondered if he was being made the victim of a practical joke, and he hesitated in his walk.

But something seemed to draw him on, he could not say what. Perhaps he was near the truth when he muttered to himself:

"I wonder what the girl's like? Anyhow, she's got brains."

His servant was anxiously waiting for him when he entered the station.

"This way, sir," he panted breathlessly; "I had a lot of trouble, but I got it in the end. I said it was a matter of life or death."

"I guess you were near the truth, my friend," said Hanson, shortly, as he walked up the platform to where a train, consisting of an engine, a saloon carriage, and a couple of guards' vans, was standing.

"I want to see the driver," he said, authoritatively to the guard who held open the door for him.

"It's against——"

"Hustle!" interrupted the millionaire, and the guard, shrugging his shoulders, went up to the engine.

A few minutes later the driver was back on his engine saying something in an excited voice to his fireman. If the special reached Crawley in forty minutes, he was to receive fifteen pounds and his mate ten. The guard had apparently also been spoken to, for as the short train drew away from the dimly lighted platform out into the darkness of the winter's night, he was pacing the floor of his van, his face flushed and lips murmuring some words that seemed to please him.

Through miles of suburbs flashed the special, roaring through deserted stations, leaving a trail of sparks and the echo of a deafening shriek in its wake. Then slowing down for the junction at Croydon, where the clank, clank, clank, of innumerable goods trains came faintly to the ears, it picked up speed again on getting out into the country.

In the saloon that swayed dangerously from side to side sat Mr. Hanson, coolly smoking a cigar, the grim smile still on his face.

If it was not a practical joke, he told himself he would be doing good; he had not done sufficient good works to make him *blasé* in this respect. And then there was the girl, the girl with brains and the pretty voice. He always described himself as a cynical bachelor. It's rather a useful description nowadays; but like the description of most things it will not bear a too searching investigation.

As the special tore through Redhill Junction at fully sixty miles an hour, Mr. Hanson took the cigar from between his lips.

"If the thing's a joke," he muttered to himself—"well, I've been called a champion hustler, and I'll show this slow-moving country how I can hustle. Gee whiz; I'll show them how to move!"

But somehow he was hoping it was not a joke, and reflecting that the voice that came over the wires sounded little like the voice of a practical joker.

He glanced at his watch; they had been travelling nearly thirty minutes. He could not tell where they were from the pace they had been travelling; he judged they must be getting fairly close to their destination.

Then as he placed the watch back in his pocket, there came a deafening screech and a terrific jarring of brakes: the carriage seemed to sway right over, then right itself again, and the next instant there was a crashing of steel and wood, a hiss of escaping steam, a great concussion; then the saloon carriage of the American millionaire's special train went clean off the line, and lay resting against the brake van of a goods train in a siding.

And the American millionaire with a nasty gash over his forehead and every bone in his body shaken, but still cool and collected, stepped out on to the line to find out what the trouble was.

It was apparent at once; the special had run into a goods train, several trucks had been smashed, and the engine was surrounded by a mass of wreckage. A hundred yards or so away there twinkled lights of a station, and between those lights and the wrecked train several lamps were swinging, evidently officials hastening to the scene of the disaster.

The driver was not seriously injured, he was muttering hard at the guard of the goods train, who was nastily cut about the head. The fireman lay unconscious on the footplate of the engine. So far as Hanson could judge, the driver in his thirst for speed had passed a signal standing at danger and collided with a slow down goods train. It was only by a miracle that a terrible accident had been averted.

The millionaire made his way with difficulty towards the engine.

"Where are we?" he demanded coldly.

"Just this side of Horley, sir, about five miles from Crawley."

"By road?"

"No; by rail, sir; it's just under four by road."

"Thanks," said Hanson. "I can't wait to have another train got ready, even if the local officials could rise to the occasion, which I doubt. They have my name and address at Victoria if I'm needed. Here's a twenty-pound note, share it between you, and if there's a row I'll do my best to clear you."

"You're a gentleman, sir," said the driver sincerely; but Mr. Hanson was already hurrying along the line towards the lights of the station.

A few yards along he met the anxious officials. In short, terse sentences he explained what had happened and asked if he could obtain a vehicle to take him to Crawley.

"Mr. Pullin at the 'Three Crowns' has a motor-car," said an astounded official; "but he——"

"Right," said Hanson, and he hurried on.

At the station a sleepy porter explained to him the position of the "Three Crowns." It proved to be a small country hotel and was in darkness. Hanson awoke somebody by the simple expedient of violently kicking against the door. A window was thrown up, and a head appeared.

"If you don't stop that, you drunken beast, I'll——"

The angry man banged down the window without completing his threat.

"Oh," said Hanson; he picked up a fair-sized stone and coolly threw it through the window. The next instant the head appeared.

"I want your motor-car," said the millionaire, before the enraged landlord could make a remark.

A passionate outburst was on the man's lips, when Hanson added, "I'll give you ten pounds to take me to Crawley."

The landlord checked his outburst.

"Where's the money?" he asked suspiciously.

In the dim moonlight Mr. Hanson waved a banknote.

"My special has broken down near here—been an accident; must get to Crawley—matter of life and death. Move yourself man, move yourself."

"All right," said the landlord with great respect, as he drew back into the room; and Hanson walked impatiently up and down the hard, frosty road, regretting that he had not stopped to don a thicker pair of shoes.

In a few minutes, the landlord, sleepily rubbing his eyes, appeared, and led him round to the stables at the side of the inn.

"I 'ad the car out this 'evenin'," he said, "so it's all ready, which is good, seein' as 'ow you are in a 'urry."

The man soon got the car out; it was a small, two-seated, rather shabby affair; but Mr. Pullin proudly informed the millionaire that "it was a good 'un to go."

His pride in the car seemed justified, for it went off along the Crawley road at a good pace, and Hanson's face brightened as he buttoned up his overcoat and sat back beside the driver.

"The Moorings," repeated Mr. Pullin when the millionaire had given him the address. "Oh, yes; I know, nice little 'ouse, about 'alf a mile this side of Crawley. Must be something important, sir," he added, curiously; "to bring you down 'ere by special train. Matter of life and death didn't you say, sir."

"Yes," said Hanson shortly, and the landlord subsided.

In less than ten minutes after leaving the "Three Crowns," the car stopped with a jerk outside a small gabled house standing some little way back from the road. There were lights in two of the windows. Mr. Hanson looked at his watch, it was a quarter past one; he had been just over the hour, and now he knew the telephone message was not a joke.

He handed the landlord the promised ten pounds, and with a brief "Good-morning," opened the gate and walked sharply up the pathway.

Evidently the motor had been heard, for as he reached the door, it opened, and by the dim light of an oil lamp in the hall, he saw a girl.

"I knew you would come," she said, standing aside for him to enter. "Thank you."

Never before had the millionaire realised what meaning can be put into those two words, used so lightly so many times a day.

Before the man had time to say anything, she motioned him to follow her up the stairs. Outside the door of a room she paused, a finger on her lips.

"Don't tell father I asked you to come," she whispered; then suddenly thinking of the difficulty in finding an excuse for his presence she looked at him appealingly. "What can you say, I——"

"I thought of that before I left," was the short reply, and the girl glanced admiringly at the strong, thoughtful face of the millionaire as she opened the door.

Hanson had a vision of a well-lighted, suffocatingly hot room, a little white bed, and a bowed figure of a man sitting beside it, then——

"Father, here's Mr. Hanson."

The man sprang to his feet, his eyes shone with a maniacal glare, and the millionaire noticed for the first time that in his right hand was a small revolver.

"Go away," he shrieked, "go away, we are going to die, the boy and I. Leave us in peace, go! go!! go!!!"

His voice trembled with fury, and the small figure on the bed stirred restlessly.

"Hush!" cried the girl, reproachfully, as she crossed the room.

"Cresswell," said the millionaire, in short, commanding tones; "be good enough to attend to me."

The cold voice of his masterful employer checked the outburst on the secretary's lips; in place of the wild glare a look of bewilderment came into his eyes, and he passed a trembling hand across his forehead.

Hanson took a paper from his overcoat pocket; the paper that he had brought with him, anticipating some such scene.

"I want you to go into this El Oro Concession, you have the figures here; I have to cable my reply to New York in about six hours. I've come down by special train to—— All right, Miss Cresswell, he's only fainted."

With dawning intelligence had come the reaction of three days' anxiety and lack of sleep and food; the over-taxed man had fallen in a dead faint into his employer's arms.

Under the girl's direction he had got the man to his room and put him in bed; the day nurse was hurriedly awakened to attend to him, and Hanson made his way on tip-toe into the boy's room, and crossed over to where Dora Cresswell was sitting by the bed.

"How is the boy?" he asked gently.

She looked up with a start, becoming aware for the first time of his presence in the room.

"The doctor says if he lives through the night he will pull through," she said huskily, and instinctively both their eyes went to the little clock that ticked away so monotonously among the medicine bottles on the mantelpiece.

"May I stay?" asked the millionaire.

"How can you ask?" said the girl. "You have done what

Jean Worth, the Famous Paris Dress Artist, contributes an article entitled "Some Advice for Beauty's Types" to the March ROYAL MAGAZINE, now on sale everywhere, price 4d. If you are one of Beauty's types, you should read it.

not one man in a thousand would have done. My father had frightened the doctor; he wanted me to ask some neighbours to come in, but he might have shot them. Anyway, I knew there would have been a scene, and I couldn't have that because——"

Her eyes went to the bed. Hanson noticed that although now surrounded by heavy circles, they were pretty blue eyes; he also noticed that, despite the trouble and anxiety, she was neatly and tidily dressed. He judged her to be about twenty.

"I did not know what to do," she went on presently; "then I thought of you. I knew you had a great influence over father. In his desk I found your telephone number, that was the only way I could tell you; I went into the town to a friend's house, I rang you up, but they said you had gone to the theatre and would not be back until after eleven. I rang up again and you were still out. I was desperately anxious when I did speak to you. I hope you don't think me very rude and——"

"I think you are a very plucky and clever girl," said the millionaire.

And he meant it.

He had thrown off his heavy overcoat and moved backwards and forwards between the two invalids' rooms in his evening dress to the utter bewilderment of the country nurse.

Just before daybreak, the girl gave a low, glad cry and came across from her brother's bed.

"He is breathing much more regularly," she exclaimed.

Hanson looked at her keenly.

"Then you must go to bed," he said sternly, "or we shall have another invalid."

"But——"

"The crisis is past, I will stop here and watch; if there should be any change I will send the nurse to you."

"The El Oro Concession?" murmured the girl; this time with a faint smile.

"The Concession be——" the millionaire checked himself abruptly, "that was bluff."

But it was a "bluff" that cost him two thousand pounds, for the explanation given to his secretary had been true so far as it went.

When the doctor arrived at nine o'clock, he found the place in charge of a masterful American in evening dress and the two invalids out of danger.

Albeit it was not until after tea that the millionaire departed for London. And on another "bluff" he went back to Crawley the next day.

Six months later Roland Cresswell lost the position of secretary to Edward P. Hanson, of New York and London, and assumed that of father-in-law.

TOO LITERAL.

MRS. SMITH, suddenly imbued with a spirit of neighbourly interest in a lady who was just recovering from influenza, said to her little son:

"Willie, dear, just run across the street and ask how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

Willie returned within five minutes looking crestfallen.

"Well, have you seen Mrs. Brown?" the mother asked.

"Yes; and she said I was to tell you that it's none of your business how old she is."

A TEACHER was examining the children, and he said: "I will give a shilling to any boy that can tell me what nothing is?"

A small boy at the back of the class put up his hand.

"Well, Willie, and what would you say it is?"

"Please, teacher, it is a bung-hole without a barrel round it."

Willie got his shilling.

DOUBLE LIVES.

SOME seven or eight years ago, a man arrived in Hull and set up in business as a timber merchant. He had good manners, plenty of ready money, and soon his business became to all appearance very prosperous. He made many acquaintances, and was looked upon with all the respect that accrues to a successful and intensely respectable business man.

Suddenly and quite unexpectedly he went bankrupt and disappeared, the police were set upon his track, and eventually arrested him in Cardiff. Imagine the feelings of his large circle of acquaintances when they heard that this man was in reality a long sentence convict who had escaped years previously from Stafford Gaol! No one had ever suspected such a thing, not even the Hull police, and that although it was mentioned at the trial that the ex-convict had frequently visited the police-station upon one pretext or another, no doubt in order to make certain that he was not recognisable.

Ten years is a long period for a man to carry on a double life. A stranger story of such an existence has seldom been heard than was unfolded at the Old Bailey one day in September, 1903. The man in the dock was proved to have married two women, and—what is most extraordinary—to have for ten years kept up two different establishments within a quarter of a mile of one another, each woman being completely ignorant of the other's existence.

His first wife he had married twenty-eight years previously, the second ten years. Yet the man posed as a model husband, a good chapel-goer, sober, and hard-working. If it had not been for an accident which drove him to the hospital, he might have successfully carried on his double life and two homes indefinitely.

FROM "STAR" TO "SUPER" IN A NIGHT

Told by . . .

BRANSBY WILLIAMS,

. . . the famous mimic.

TELL you all about myself? That's rather a tall order, for I have packed a good deal of varied experience into my life since the days when I was a boy-preacher in the East End of London.

Where shall I begin? Let me follow the fashion of the modern novel, and start somewhere near the end, say, with my recent tour in America, during which I had a remarkable experience—at least, I hope you will agree with me that it was something out of the common. I was appearing at Boston, and at an adjoining theatre the melodrama, *Human Nature*, was being performed by a stock company.

Now, the great ambition of my life is to found a stock company, from which, perhaps, might grow a national theatre, and whilst in America I lost no opportunity of studying the methods of the stock companies there, and at Boston, my performance over, I used to turn in to the adjoining theatre.

Human Nature, I may say, culminates in a great scene, where you have a stage crowd cheering the Union Jack and the "soldiers of the King." I was standing in the wings one night when suddenly I was struck by the incongruity of the scene. For here was a British play, all about the British flag and the "soldiers of the King," being played by Americans to Americans.

"SACKED" ONCE A WEEK.

I looked at the stage-manager, who was with me, and he read my thoughts. "All right, darn you" (American stage-managers are *"always"* the pink of politeness), said he, "go on." And so I, the "star" from next door, went on as a "super" to cheer the "soldiers of the King." The audience recognised me, and from cheering the scene they passed to cheering *me*, and I got one of the greatest receptions of my life.

Coming home on the *Lusitania*, on her record-making trip, I had another funny experience. One night, the record being practically assured, a congratulatory meeting was held, in the course of which, a well-known English M.P., in making a speech, very properly said that we must not forget that the breaking of the record had only been made possible by the splendid exertions of the stokers.

I slipped from the saloon, and five minutes later a grimy, oily stoker appeared at the saloon door, to be rapturously greeted. And, when the stoker left, he had nearly £20 to divide amongst his mates, and neither the officers of the ship nor the passengers for a moment suspected his identity with Bransby Williams. This brings me to my work as a mimic.

I was always a mimic, and when I was an office-boy in a Mincing Lane tea-house, my imitations of the principals brought me great popularity amongst the junior clerks. They also ended in my suddenly going out of the tea business.

I then entered the employment of Messrs. Allan Cockshot & Co., the great firm of wall-paper makers and designers, of Old Ford, where, again, my "fatal gift" of mimicry led to my being "sacked" at least once a week, though I was always taken back. However, that is by the way, and if I were born a mimic I have only succeeded as such by the hardest of hard work and unremitting study.

THE MAIN SECRET OF MIMICRY.

But, then, mimicry to me is not only a livelihood; it is an absorbing hobby, and I never tire of studying it.

Mimics are plentiful, yet there are few really capable ones. The average mimic fails in the first place, because he doesn't mimic—he caricatures. Now, in the sort of mimicry which makes Gladstone recognisable to the audience by means of a huge collar, there is no art.

It is mere child's play. But in the mimicry which reproduces exactly the subject's appearance, his voice, the lines on his face, the shape of his mouth—in short, the man as he is, there is an art, only to be acquired, as I have said, by unremitting study.

Then, again, the average mimic when making up paints on his face the lines that are on the originals. That is no good, for the moment he speaks the illusion is destroyed. For facial lines and curves are produced by the action of certain facial muscles, and if you are to reproduce them the only way to do so is by the action of these particular muscles.

It is difficult to explain on paper, but the whole point is that in mimicking a person's face you should do so with the muscles of your own face, and not with grease-paints.

The voice, perhaps, is the main secret of successful mimicry. For if you get the voice right, you must get the facial expression right, and conversely. That is, if you twist your face until it reproduces line for line, contour for contour, the original's face, then the voice must come right, for it is the speaker's voice and method of producing it that determines and is determined by the shape, features, and lines of his face.

Personally, I work out most of my impersonations in the course of long country walks, and I remember a couple of funny experiences. I was walking through a wood, and stopped to "do" Wilson Barrett in the "dream scene" from the *Silver King*. Presently I heard a scuffling sound, and, looking round, I saw a picnic party running away for dear life. What's more, they came back with a policeman.

On other occasion I was practising on, as I thought, a lonely road outside Hull, when a voice hailed me from behind a hedge with, "Hi, master, t'madhouse's over yonder."

But the great thing, as I say, is to mould your face to the character, not the character to the face, and it is wonderful what can be done by practice. For example, in impersonating "Bill Sikes," I have so developed the muscles of my chin that I can at will produce the heavy underhung jaw and chin of that notorious ruffian. Mention of "Sikes" brings me to my Dickens impersonations.

When I first suggested them to music-hall managers they laughed at me, and only one, Mr. Barnes, of the London Music Hall, Shoreditch, would give me a trial.

The others said that music-hall audiences didn't care about Dickens, didn't know him, and didn't want to know him. Well, they were wrong. I should not like to say that 50 per cent. of music-hall audiences are familiar with Dickens's works. Yet scenes from them never fail to "go." Why? Because of the splendid and all-embracing humanity of Charles Dickens. He doesn't go to the jungle for his characters; he goes straight to the great heart of humanity.

People may never have read "David Copperfield," but when I do Mr. Peggotty setting forth in search of Little Em'ly, they don't need to have read the story to understand my scene. It goes straight to their hearts and minds. I remember once, when doing this scene, the silence was broken by a heart-breaking cry from some one in the audience. Next day I received a piteous letter from a "Little Em'ly" of real life, saying she had heard me, and was going home.

Bransby Williams

THE SMALL BOY'S CIGARETTE.

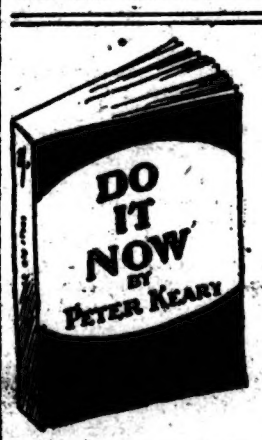
ACCORDING to Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Under-Secretary for the Home Department, a bill is to be introduced into this session of Parliament to suppress altogether cigarette smoking among boys.

Assuming that the measure becomes law, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will find himself confronted with a deficit of £1,500,000, which is about the sum contributed every year to the up-keep of the British Empire by the cigarette-smoking small boy.

It would be more, but that the juveniles, either from motives of economy or because of the keener pleasure resulting therefrom, almost invariably inhale the smoke, thereby greatly prolonging the life of the individual cigarette, as well as reducing the number consumed.

And in this connection it may be mentioned that the boy smoker has carried this pernicious practice of inhalation to a pitch of perfection undreamt of by the average adult.

The prohibition by law of cigarette smoking amongst youths is no new thing, by the way. Enactments to that effect are in force in over 200 American States and municipalities, and in various parts of the Continent. Not long since, too, an attempt was made by the Indian Government to prevent Burmese tobacconists from supplying tobacco in any form to children under ten. It failed dismally, however, besides nearly provoking a rebellion, and the little Burmese boys and girls continue as heretofore to smoke their "whacking big cheroots" in company with their elders at all times and seasons.



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QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

STUFFING.

THE convict had been ill for over a week, and the doctor sent the warder to ask him what he would have for dinner.

"Wot yer got?" asked the convict.

"Roast beef and Yorkshire, pork, and chicken," answered the warder.

"I'll 'ave a chicken."

"And what will you have it stuffed with?"

After a moment's pause, the convict replied:

"Another one."

WHY HE WAILED.

SHRIEKS and yells came from the upper regions of Myrtle Villa, and Mrs. Quiverfull hastened to the scene of trouble. In the middle of the nursery floor sat her youngest olive-branch, making as much noise as three steam-hooters, a motor-car, and a parrot. At the window stood her daughter Winnie, aged eight, and looking the very embodiment of that spirit of contentment which the philosophers say we should all cultivate.

"Whatever is the matter with baby?" demanded the mother.

"Jimmy?" inquired the placid maiden. "Oh, he's crying because I won't give him a taste of my stick of barley-sugar."

"But he had a stick, too," said the harassed mother. "Is it all finished?"

"Yes," said Winnie demurely; "and he cried all the time I was eating that, too!"

PERSONAL.

THE strolling cornet player had tied up "The Lost Chord" into a pretty considerable knot, and after a glance round for coppers that came not, he sighed, and blew out a lusty rendering of "White Wings."

He had only murdered about half-a-dozen bars when the leg of a chair whizzed from a window and the musician, with a crack on the head, tumbled untidily into the gutter.

As he got up and rubbed himself, an onlooker kindly remarked:

"I wouldn't give 'em any more "White Wings" 'ere, mate, if I was you. Y'see, th' bloke wot lives in that there 'ouse 'as jest come out o' quod fer pigeon stealin'. An' 'e ain't fond o' th' tune."

NOT ALL NONSENSE.

A DRIED up old Colonel and a very sentimental young lady were standing together watching the sunset.

She inquired gushingly: "Oh, Colonel, don't you love Longfellow's poems?"

"Can't say I do," he replied. "Never read them, in fact. Consider all poetry absolutely drivel."

"But," she persisted, "surely you cannot help admiring this verse of his out of 'The Day is done,' you know:

"'And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares which infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.'"

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "there is something in that. I know those Arab beggars—they would simply steal anything."

GROWN UP WITH HIM.

AN Irishman was in trouble about a gun found in his possession. The law, unfortunately for him, adopted the unkind suggestion that he had stolen it.

While awaiting his trial, he was visited by a friend, who urged him to steadfastly adhere to the story that he had owned the gun for years. The friend, furthermore, cited how he himself, when in similar difficulty about a hen, had preserved both the hen and his character by swearing he had possessed the bird since it was a chicken.

The wisdom of this advice was not lost on Pat, and he henceforth regarded his trial with the settled serenity of, if not conscious innocence, sanguine anticipation.

On the day appointed, when conclusive evidence against him had been tendered, he was asked formally whether he had anything to say for himself. Pat, throwing a glance of shrivelling contempt at the prosecutor, turned to the judge, and said:

"The man's a perjured villain, yer honour. That gun's bin in moy possission, yer honour, iver since it was a pistol."

HIGHLY AMUSING.

THE sable monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over a great engineering place by the manager, who, in explaining the working of certain machinery, unfortunately got his coat tails caught in it, and in a moment was being whirled round at so many hundred revolutions per minute.

Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled dishevelled and dazed at the feet of the Royal visitor.

That exalted personage roared with laughter, and said something to his interpreter.

"Sah," said that functionary to the manager, "his Majesty say he am very pleased with the trick, an' will you please do it again?"

"So your servant girl has left you again?" said Mrs. Naybor.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Subbubs.

"What was the matter?"

"She didn't like the way I did the work."

THE BURGLAR.

Last night while burning midnight o'l,
And puzzling o'er a treasure
Just bought, worth maybe pounds to me,
In any case a pleasure;

I heard a noise, a stealthy step,
Like someone s ftly stealing
To snatch my fruits of honest toil
(Some burglars have no feeling).

It was! I'd guessed it right in once;
In fact, to speak precisely,
Before I'd even time to—run,
He had me covered nicely.

And toying lightly with my throat
Addressed me very briefly,
"Come, where's your silver, where's your gold,
But where's your paper chiefly?"

My paper? Could he mean banknotes?
Ah! no! He's higher flying,
He wants the priceless document
I had such trouble buying.

So, half beside myself with fear,
I answered very meekly:
"Sir! take my gold, take everything
Except my *Pearson's Weekly!*"

BOBBIE: "I wonder what Noah did all day in the ark?"

Jack: "Fished, I should think."

Ethel: "They didn't fish long."

Bobbie and Jack: "Why?"

Ethel: "Cos they'd only got two worms."

GRATITUDE.

THE Objectionable Bounder observed the nice young lady coming towards him, laden with parcels, and he bowed with an old-world grace.

"May I have the great hon-ah of carrying your parcels?" he queried.

"By all means," she said, coolly surrendering her load to his willing arms.

As they walked along he vainly tried in his fascinating manner to open sweet converse, but in vain. In pensive silence the maiden walked by his side, and Clarence was beginning to get a little sad, when she stopped at the door of a large house.

"Me reward has come," mused Clarence. "She'll ask me in. I feel certain."

A powdered footman threw open the door, and stood at respectful attention.

"John," said the fair one, "just take these parcels from this young man, will you; and see he has some bread and cheese and a glass of milk?"

MUSIC IN COURT.

A NEWLY-APPOINTED crier in a county court in Australia, where there are many Chinese, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand.

"Call for Ah Song," was the command.

He was puzzled for a moment. He glanced shyly at the judge, but found him as grave as an undertaker. Then, turning to the spectators, he blandly simpered:

"Gentlemen, would any of you favour his worship with a song?"

WHY WILKINS WAS WORKING.

"MR. DESKER," remarked the head of the firm of Grabbins & Co., "just raise young Wilkins a couple of shillings a week. I happened to go into the clerks' room when there was a circus procession passing the office, with two bands playing, and he was the only man in the place who sat steadily at his work. Every other man in the place rushed to the window."

Accordingly, on the next pay-day, Wilkins was advanced his florin, and a few kindly words from Mr. Desker revealed the source of its origin.

"Bands!" reiterated the youth. "Music! What, did a band go by?"

"Of course, it did. Didn't you hear the music and the cheering?"

"No," said Wilkins regretfully, "I'm blest if I did. That cold I had a week or two ago left me as deaf as a post."

NOT TO BE BEATEN.

HAVE you ever heard or read of the vendetta of Corsica? If you have you will be able to form an idea of the feud which existed between Swills, the innkeeper, and Druggem, the chemist.

But one day last week, when Swills was standing on the customers' side of his bar, a travelling chimney-sweep entered and asked if anything was required in his line. And then an idea for a fiendish stroke of revenge struck Swills. He pointed at the chemist's shop opposite.

"You can sweep my shop chimney over there, if you like," he said. "The manager has a vile temper, and will kick up a fuss, but stick to him. I'm going to sack him, anyway."

From his window Swills watched an agitated five minutes transpiring in Druggem's shop, and the smile on his face grew broader as each crash reached his ears. At last a tattered object winged its rapid flight from the shop door, and a voice within cried from beneath a debris of bottles:

"The guv'nor said I'd got to sweep the chimney, and sweep it I mean to!"

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

JEWELLER: "You say that you want some name engraved on this ring?"

Young Man: "Yes; I want the words 'George, to his dearest Alice,' engraved on the inside of the ring."

"Is the young lady your sister?"

"No; she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you, I would not have 'George, to his dearest Alice' engraved on the ring. If Alice changes her mind you can't use the ring again."

"What would you suggest?"

"I would suggest that the words be, 'George, to his first and only love.' You see, with that inscription you can use the ring half-a-dozen times. I have had experience in such matters myself."

A SQUARE PEG IN A SQUARE HOLE.

THE new reporter came in covered with dust as the last forme of the morning paper went down to press.

"Did it take you all day to do that waterworks report?" snarled the editor.

"S-s-h; speak low," whispered the new "special" in the editor's ear. "Got on an A1 suicide in the park—defalcation, probably."

"Great Cæsar; and we've gone to press," gasped the editor. "The afternoon papers will get ahead of us to-morrow."

"Not much," chuckled the reporter. "I knew I couldn't get here in time for press, so I just queered the find."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I dragged the body into the bushes, and covered it over with grass and things. A bloodhound couldn't find it. To-morrow we develop matters, and give 'em a two-column sensation."

With tears in his eyes, the editor arose and fell upon his subordinate's neck. "You are an honour to your profession," he sobbed. "I'll see that your salary is increased half-a-crown a month. I will, by Jingo!"

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Steed, Mrs. C. E., Greenwich, S.E.
[illegible]
Stevens, Miss E., Kingston-on-T.
Stevenson, C. M., Paisley.
Stocker, [illegible]
[illegible]
Sutcliffe, G., Newport, Mon.
Sutherland, W., Perth, N.B.
Sutton, A., Copthall Ave., E.C.
Swain, W., Canterbury.
Swann, Miss E., Norwich.
Swift, A. E., Derby.
Swift, J., Birmingham.

T

Tabrum, B., Belfast.
Tait, R., Glasgow.
Tankard H., Stamford Rd., N.
[illegible], Bristol.
[illegible]
Taylor, J. W., Sparkhill, B'ham.
Taylor, Mrs. E., Bulphan Fen.
Taylor, Mrs., Hitchin, Herts.
Telford, J. C. B., Inverkeithing.
Tester, Miss D., Seaford, Sus.
Thistlewhaite, Mrs., Stoke.
Thomas, G., Kettering.
Thomas, H., Ashton Pk., Br'l.
Thomas, W. H., Penryn, Corn.
Thompson, A., Dumfries, N.B.
Thompson, Miss R., Glasgow.
Thompson, E., Holloway Rd., N.
Thomson, R., Dennistoun, Gl'w.
Thomson, Miss R., Glasgow.
Tice, W., Farnham, Surrey.
Tiencken, F., Hove.
Till, A., Leeds.
Tichbrock, L., Bedford.
Todd, Mrs., Burntisland.
Tomlinson, A., Kirkdale, L'l.
Tremlett, E., Weston-s.-Mare.
Trumble, A., Walthamstow, N.E.
Turl, W., Bournemouth W.
Turner, Miss A., Ferndale, S. Wales.
Turner, H. M., Tooley St., S.E.
Turner, R. S., Waterloo Rd., S.E.
[illegible], Bristol.
[illegible]
Tyrrell, G. N., Ludlow, Salop.

U

Underhill, G. E., Nuneaton.
Underwood, W., Norwich.
[illegible], N.B.
Utter, Miss A. E., Hull.

V

Vallance, N. M., Barrhead, N.B.
Vaughan, R. P., Brislington, Br'l.
Voils, Miss L., Handsworth, B'ham.

W

Wade, G., Hanley, Staffs.
Wade, G., West Haddon.
Walshe, Miss H., Tandragee.
Walton, J., Stamford Hill, N.
Wareham, F. H., Coventry.
Ward, Mrs. D., Birkenhead.
Ward, F. D., Acton Green, W.
Warr, G. H., Portsmouth.
Watts, A. A., S. Shields.
Webb, J. H., Herne Hill, S.E.
Webster, J. H., Wandsworth, S.W.
Wood, Miss A. H., Maidenhead.
Welding, W. C., Manchester.
Weller, E. A., Smethwick, Staffs.
Wells, J. K., Stockton-on-Tees.
Wellsford, J. W., Bishopston, Br'l.
Welton, J., Stoke Newington, N.
Westoby, C. F., Camborne.
Westwood, R., Bishop's Stortford.
Wharton, A., Wandsworth Com.
Wheeler, H. E., Frome, Somt.
Whellens, G. D., Alnwick.
Whitby, R., Peckham Rye, S.E.
White, Miss A., Pudsey, Yorks.
White, G. P., Ashford, Middx.
White, Miss, Dublin.
Whitehead, F., jnr., Peterborough.
Whitehead, W., Birchfields, B'ham.
Whittaker, Miss F., Grimsby.
Wigley, E. J., Par Station.
Williams, R., Holyhead.
Williamson, Miss M., Canterbury.
Williamson, W., Edinburgh.
Wilson, Mrs., Gargrave-in-Craven.
Wilson, Miss F., Fairlie, N.B.
Wilson, H., W. Hampstead, N.W.
Wilson, Mrs., Glasgow, N.B.
Witcomb, Miss H. J., Stoke Newington, N.
Wolfenden, Miss G., S. Bromley.
Wood, T., St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Woodward, J. L., Hull.
Wright, Nurse, Fairford, Glos.
Wright, J., Denny, N.B.
Wright, W., Wandsworth Com.

Y

Yardley, Mrs., West Norwood.
Yates, H., Buckley, Chester.
Young, Lt. G. M., Portarlington.

26 LIMERICK PRIZES

[Wo]n by THREE Users of "THE LIMERICK PUNSTER."
[T]HIS is the RECORD—Read What They Say.

[Mr.] J. B. Hatton, of New City Road, [Glas]gow:—"Since I got your 'PUNSTER' [I hav]e won FOUR PRIZES."

[Mr.] Thos. Gordon, 22 John Street, [illegible]attie, N.B., WINNER OF 10 PRIZES: [Sin]ce I received your Books I have won [illegible] prizes, making my total 3 PREMIER [AW]ARDS and 7 consolations, &c., &c.

Mr. [illegible], Milngavie, WINNER OF 12 PRIZES: "I have seen ALL the Limerick Aids, &c., but as a WINNER OF 12 PRIZES (five firsts and seven consolation) I have no hesitation in pronouncing yours THE BEST. They have assisted me very materially in compiling my little record."

[A]bove GENUINE TESTIMONIALS are [illegible] [illegible] that if you want to win a [illegible] [illegible] for the ONLY BOOK WHICH [illegible]
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[TH]E YORKSHIRE PUBLISHING Co. [illegible]
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[Mr.] Chas. L. Curry, of 68 Lovelinch Street, Old Kent Road, Peckham (winner [of £]11s. 9d.), writes:

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[Mr.] G. A. Tewkebury, of 18 Shelley Road, Hove, Sussex (winner of £40 10s.), [writes]:

"As a winner of £40 10s. last week I have the pleasure to write you on the [inva]luable help THE LIMERICK RHYMESTER is in the making of last [li]nes. I am recommending the book to all of my friends, and I am bound to [sa]y that I think THE LIMERICK RHYMESTER is the best book yet [pu]blished. All would-be winners should, without delay, get one of your books."

[Mr.] Albert J. Maiben, of 103 Richmond Road, Dublin (winner of £63 1s. 8d.), [writes]:

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Good Friday . . April 17.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Feb. 21 ... 6.19
Easter Monday . April 20.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 22 ... 6.24
Whitsun Monday . June 8.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 23 ... 6.26
Bank Holiday . . August 3.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 24 ... 6.27
Christmas Day December 25.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 25 ... 6.29
Boxing Day . December 26.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 26 ... 6.31
						" 27 ... 6.33

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